

Music & Letters

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Founded by A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS

Edited by ERIC BLOM

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JULY 1941

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No. 3

WALFORD DAVIES

By H. C. COLLES

It was natural that, when Walford Davies died suddenly on March 11th, the obituary notices, written and spoken, should be full of his unique qualities as a broadcaster. His habitual listeners received the news with a sense of personal loss. "He always seemed to come right into the room with us," said one of them, who had never seen him nor even written to him (as so many did), who took only a passing interest in music, but who was accustomed to wait and switch on at his appointed hour, as one waits for the knock of a friend who calls regularly. They loved "Walford", as many who had never met him called him, or "Sir Walford" as the humbler sort who revered him preferred to call him. He did not care which it was; they could call him what they liked. The obituary notices reflected this happy relation between Everyman and his music-teacher developed in the last few years.

But this will not help towards the estimate of an artist, and Walford Davies was essentially the instinctive artist. There was artistry in his broadcasting, in the tones of his voice, in his subtle combination of talk and music, in his elimination of the "preachy" voice which he had when he began, in the blend of conversationalism with instruction, in fact in all the characteristics which enabled him to "come right into the room". In the use of this prepared, and one might say disciplined, technique, he was as sincere as the man who reads off his script at the microphone, gives whatever information his talk implies, and is glad when it is over. The difference was that Walford Davies was an artist, indeed he was a mature artist before ever the wireless was thought of as a means of communication between man and Everyman. He was a pioneer

artist, not only in sensing the possibilities of this new means of communication, but in shaping a technique for his own use. This technique was his own, and those who tried to copy it did so at their peril. He once had an assistant at the Temple Church who brought the choirmen to the verge of rebellion by his Walfordian exhortations. The poor man was perfectly sincere in his wish to take the choir practice as "Doctor" would have taken it, and to produce the same excellent results. The only result produced was the exasperation of the choir, because he was not an artist, only a faithful copyist. The same danger lies in wait for his imitators on the radio.

It has been said in one of the many obituaries that Walford Davies's broadcasting work was "his greatest and most enduring service to music." The greatness is questionable, but the epithet "enduring" is palpably absurd. The point of perfection to which he brought the Temple Church choir through twenty years (1898-1918) may possibly have been a greater service to music than those years, fewer in number, devoted to the musical education of Everyman by wireless. Their relative importance cannot be assessed, but neither can be accurately described as "enduring". To both he gave himself unstintingly with unique results while his personal direction of them lasted.

Sir Walford Davies was not, like his contemporary and friend, Sir Donald Tovey, a great scholar in the art of music. He could never have completed the unfinished number of 'Die Kunst der Fuge' or expounded the principles of the classical concerto in a masterly essay. He was no historian. His actual knowledge of existing masterpieces was sporadic; he knew only what it served his purposes as a practical musician and teacher to know. Of this he was quite unashamed, nor had he cause to be ashamed. He could acquire quickly enough whatever he had any reason to know for his artistic work, and he would not cumber himself with useless knowledge. Once at a competitive festival in the North a girl sang a song unknown to him, and he turned to me with his captivating smile of pure joy to exclaim, "What a perfectly lovely thing!" He had never cared much for the music of Purcell, probably because he had suffered from the cathedral tradition of it in his choirboy days, and his apathy towards it had been a bone of contention between us. Hence the joy of his sudden conversion, for the song was no other than "When I am laid in earth"! Later the song with its ground bass became one of his favourite examples in lecturing. He knew how to use it when he had got it but he might never have discovered it and still have continued to argue against

Purcell, but for that girl at the competitive festival. It was much the same with Wagner, towards whom, however, he never underwent any conversion. Once or twice I persuaded him to come to Covent Garden. It was impossible to keep him in the box through 'Tristan'. He went out and talked to a fireman who, he said, was "the most sensible man in the place". Here, however, his artistic sense failed him. It was not necessary that he should sit for hours together in Covent Garden, but it was necessary that he should know what he was talking about before he lectured on Wagner to the Royal Institution and elsewhere, and unfortunately he generalized on the subject from a very incomplete experience. One perfect song by Purcell might suffice to represent Purcellian perfection to him; Wagner's aim towards perfection could not be gauged from a liking for the overture to 'Die Meistersinger'.

Nevertheless Walford Davies's knowledge of other people's music was generally sufficient for his own artistic diet and for that of his pupils, always—after the earlier years—pupils more or less at the beginning of things, as Everyman necessarily must be. He was never at a loss for an apt illustration of a point in a lecture, or for an appropriate piece to play from memory on the organ; in those happy moments when he sat at the piano playing to a few friends, movements or excerpts from the classics would flow in an unbroken succession, and if memory failed invention would step in. Probably the last time he played the organ in public was at Magdalen College, Oxford, on the occasion of the centenary celebration for Sir Walter Parratt. He had come without any preparation and was much exercised as to what would be suitable. He asked Sir Hugh Allen what he should do, and got the answer, "Just play whatever comes into your head". It was right advice, and what came into his head was exactly what the occasion seemed to require.

Such proclivities are evidence of artistic aptitude and sensibility, but do not answer the question whether the artist rendered any "great and enduring service" to the art. That can only be done by the artist making something which still lives "after the singer is dead and the maker buried". What did Walford Davies make?

I first knew him as a composer, and first saw him at a rehearsal of his first choral work, a setting, after the prevalent fashion of the time, for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra of Robert Browning's ballad 'Hervé Riel'. It is a work which might never have been written but for Stanford's 'The Revenge', but it has character and freshness. It reflects in the music something of the roughness which distinguishes Browning's verse from Tennyson's, as declared in the opening lines:

S.A.
T.B. *8ve lower*

On the sea and at the Hogue, six-teen hun-dred nine - ty
two, Did the Eng-lish fight - the French - woe - - - to France!

Throughout it has a vigour of declamation which he may have learnt from Parry rather than from Stanford, but which certainly shows a capacity for drama not much in evidence in the later Walford Davies :

Baritone Solo

What mock-e - ry or mal-ice have we here? Are you
mad, you Mal-ou-ins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

And he keeps it up through that harangue to traitorous officials which makes the tale of Hervé Riel ring true to-day. It was a surprise to me, youngster that I was, when after hearing this I learned that Walford Davies played a church organ at Hampstead. There was certainly nothing of the church musician in this work.

Vaughan Williams has recently written (or tried to write) in 'The Spectator' of Walford Davies's "beauty of invention". The printer mistaking his handwriting made him write of "beauty of intention", which, as he said afterwards, is the most damning thing you can say of any artist. It may be that there was too much beauty of intention in a great deal of Walford Davies's later work, but it

was in the famous Leeds Cantata, 'Everyman', that Dr. Vaughan Williams found most invention, and that invention begins to display itself quite unmistakably in the bluff and hearty 'Hervé Riel'.

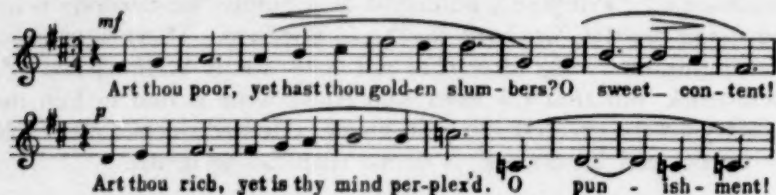
This was not a line which he was inclined to pursue further, but amongst his compositions of the eighteen-nineties is another setting of a poem by Browning which is of considerably greater significance. 'Prospice', published as a quintet for baritone voice and string quartet, was sung by David Bispham. There were those who maintained long after that not only was it Walford Davies's finest work, but that the man who could write it had in him the capacity for the greatest things in music. He had steeped himself in the poem, and its essence, a strong man facing death.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!

drew from him a presentment in music of the thought far beyond the personal experience of his years or of what could be achieved merely by integrity of intention. The limited means employed, a voice and four strings, precluded any attempt at emotional display. The restless figure of the strings leads with growing urgency to the protest, "Fear death?"; the storm-tossed progress of the declamation is completely clarified in the final stanza. Throughout, the thematic material is concentrated. There is not a phrase which fails to speak to the point, and no point poetic or musical is laboured by reiteration.

At this stage Walford Davies wrote many songs for voice and piano (Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Robert Burns, William Blake, were his favourite poets) which he used to sing to his own accompaniment, so that they were well known to his intimate friends many years before they appeared in print. Possibly he left publication too late. Fashions were changing and his forthright English melody seemed too unsophisticated to singers searching out the subtleties of modern *Lieder*, whether German or French. But his songs take a definite place among such writers as Somervell, Quilter and Charles Wood, who bridge the gap in English song from Stanford to Vaughan Williams. An exquisitely lyrical setting of Psalm xxiii was first thought of for tenor voice, harp and strings. It was ultimately published, for practical reasons, with piano accompaniment, by which it loses something of its distinctive colouring though not the spontaneity of its melody. Nor can we pass over the 'Six Pastorals' (poems by Fletcher, Greene, Dekker and Marvell) for vocal quartet, string quartet and piano, which were published as Op. 15 (he soon abandoned the attempt to list his works by opus

numbers) in 1904 but were written several years earlier. They were produced at a Broadwood Concert in St. James's Hall and Gervase Elwes was among the singers. At the rehearsal Elwes confessed that he hoped soon to sing Gerontius, and Walford, a little tactlessly, expressed doubts as to whether his voice would be equal to such a task! The 'Pastorals' are pure joy with the dew on it:



Perhaps this will be compared with Brahms's "Liebeslieder". If so, look further. The 'Pastorals' are not tied to the waltz-rhythm.

By this time another side of Walford Davies's art was being fostered by his preoccupation with the music of the Temple Church. The anthem for double-choir and organ, 'God created man for incorruption' (published as Op. 9 in 1899), is the first evidence of it. It may have been actually written before his appointment, but it is a work designed for such conditions as he found there and could scarcely be met with anywhere else. 'God created man' was unlikely to be lightly included in any cathedral repertory. The numbers of the two choirs may be small, but they must be perfectly co-ordinated and able to maintain an intricate polyphony and antiphony without aid from a conductor. The part-writing has the richness of Wesley and Parry at their best, but the texture owes little to either of them, and the form is more closely knit than that of the former's large anthems or the latter's church cantatas. The organ part (written on three staves) is orchestral in character and entirely free from those clichés and mannerisms which are associated with Anglican church music, as the following tenor solo passage shows:

Più mosso
Ten.
In the eyes of the fool-ish they seemed to have

Org.



Much of the church music, services and anthems, written at this time for the Temple is on more conventional lines, but there is one work, 'The Walk to Emmaus' for tenor and bass soli and chorus, which has a history of its own. It was written as a narrative introduction to Bach's Cantata 'Bleib' bei uns' (B.-G.6), carried on in recitative or quasi-arioso, and distributing the *oratio recta* to the several singers, as Bach did in the Passions and elsewhere. But it is not what a musicological student of Bach would have written; it makes no attempt to suggest what Bach might have written. It is Walford Davies's own meditation on the words and on Bach's theme. In spite of all that it derives from Bach (including a quotation from the St. Matthew Passion at the words "and blest it and brake") it is one of the most original things Walford Davies ever wrote. It could have come from no one else.

It was in 1902 that he was first invited to contribute to one of the autumn provincial festivals, the Three Choirs Meeting at Worcester. He was asked for a work to fill a morning performance (about one and a half hours), and it naturally took the traditional form of Biblical oratorio. People thought that 'The Temple' bore some allusion to the church of the Knights Templars in London with which he was associated. It had none whatever. Before ever he thought of going to the Temple Church a certain anthem by Ouseley was a favourite of his. "It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord", &c. He taught it to his parish church choir at Hampstead and went on practising it for weeks before he would let them sing it at a service. An oratorio on the dedication of Solomon's Temple embodying the great prayer with the refrain, "Then hear from Heaven Thy dwelling-place" was even then in his mind. When the invitation came from Worcester it offered the opportunity. He put, as he would have said himself, "his whole heart" into 'The Temple', and probably laboured far too hard at it to make it say all he wanted it to say. It was completely

overshadowed in the festival programme by the first great English success of 'The Dream of Gerontius' with John Coates singing the name-part for the first time. Mme. Albani sang in 'The Temple' and was a little disappointed to find that only some recitative and one tiny air two pages long were assigned to the soprano soloist. Walford conducted it. He was then quite inexperienced in handling a festival choir and orchestra faced with an overloaded programme. He wearied the orchestra by talking and irritated the choir by trying to perfect details before they had got at the main outlines. 'The Temple' was a failure despite its many fine passages perceptible to musicians. I never heard of it being given again except by Walford himself in the Temple Church.

It led, however, to the invitation to compose for the Leeds Festival of 1904, and here he was more fortunate. He had seen and been entranced by William Poel's English production of the old play, 'Everyman', the text of which he shaped into a cantata for his own music. Ideas came quickly to him here; the music flowed with remarkable spontaneity at a great pace, as I, who acted as his copyist, can testify. And the music itself was not like anything he had written before or would write again. 'Everyman' was tumultuously received, and in the next few years given by every choral society in the country which aimed at a standard of first-rate. It travelled to America. Stanford, in general no great advocate for Walford, was enraptured by the "Song of Knowledge". "Anyone might have written it", he said, meaning by "anyone" any of the world's great melodists:



Kreisler, entering the railway carriage by which Walford was returning to London, sat down opposite him to say, "Now your next work must be a concerto for me", but it was left to another and an admittedly greater English composer to give him what he wanted.

In public estimation, then, 'Everyman' was Walford Davies's high-water mark which he never touched again. He was thirty-five years old when it appeared and seventy-one when he died, and he went on composing till within almost a few days of the end. Its repute had the disadvantage for him of making him much in request for festival works, and he responded to the demand all too readily. His subsequent festival works up to and including 'The Song of

St. Francis' (Birmingham, 1912) are all open to the charge of trying to fill too large a canvas. There are some exquisite songs in 'Noble Numbers' (Herrick), which would have shone out unmistakably if he had not felt bound to write up to a festival choir and orchestra. An English composer to be heard at all thirty years ago had to do big work, and Walford Davies's genius (there is no need to shirk the word) was for delicate and sensitive work in small forms. He gave plenty of evidence of this later in innumerable short choral pieces, songs, nursery rhymes and, not least, hymn tunes. In instrumental music, too, his later creations are better represented by the 'Parthenia Suite' for orchestra, 'Conversations' for piano and orchestra, the 'Peter Pan' Suite for string quartet, than by a 'Festal Overture' composed for Lincoln and a Symphony in G heard once at Queen's Hall.

But in all these later things the limitation of actual invention is felt as it was not felt in his music, whether for the chamber or the church, up to the time of 'Everyman'. It may not be very easy to remember the difference between 'Heaven's Gate' and 'High Heaven's King', though the poetic charm of either would strike us on a first hearing. Let it be admitted too that there is a certain amount among Walford Davies's later "religious", not strictly church, music, which merely expresses conventional sentiment in rather jejune terms. But the dross is already cleared away. Every artist leaves some of it lying about, and its presence need not obscure the genuinely creative work. Moreover in Walford Davies's last work, the 'Nunc Dimittis' just written and first sung at his funeral in Bristol Cathedral, one could hear again his authentic voice, real and unmistakable as that of "Everyman's Prayer to God". Somewhere in the long line of his compositions from 'Prospice' to 'Nunc Dimittis' will be found his "greatest and most enduring service to music."

FRANK BRIDGE

By HERBERT HOWELLS

FRANK BRIDGE is a disconcerting claimant to fame, at any rate in his own country. For which of his notable selves is to be appraised? Shall it be the man who, at twenty-seven, could take an equal place in the Joachim Quartet when Wirth for a time was forced to lay aside his viola? Might it not be the man who, summoned at a moment's notice, could assume command of a Queen's Hall orchestral concert as proxy for a more famous but not more musical conductor from Vienna or Berlin, Paris or New York? For Bridge, more than any man in recent musical history, could survive with dignity and even with profit the ordeal of conductor-as-proxy, and leave his compatriots wondering why it was so often necessary for a celebrity's toothache to be the ridiculously inadequate excuse for our having the opportunity to hear a naturally-endowed native conductor. Or is it the viola-player we must consider? Or is the composer the sole claimant?

In this note the emphasis will be upon the composer. Yet there were at least four discussable Bridges: even a fifth, the teacher—with Benjamin Britten as the bright particular witness to the fact. There can be no true approach to Bridge the composer except by the broad road of his own all-round skilled, natural musicianship. His viola-playing was no isolated force in him. It affected all his writing for strings. His instincts for conducting were intimately related to his style and manner as creative musician. His pronounced aptitude for chamber-music performance powerfully affected the whole process of his thought. It is the total effect of these three factors that approximates Bridge the composer.

He was born eighteen years before the death of Brahms, and died six years after Berg. Early and later he seemed to look back to the one and forward to the other. His work developed normally, free of any compelling outside influence for about his first thirty-five years. After 1920 (roughly) there were changes of mood and manner. But it is well to recognize two general facts concerning his work: first, that he can be fully and profitably studied and assessed in his chamber music; second, that when the central

European harmonic "revolution" came to him it seemed to do so just when the patronage and power of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge reached this continent. True, these facts are for only general application. They do not govern the whole significance of the composer; for there are many diverse works that fall outside the field of chamber music, and it would be easy to exaggerate their influence upon the later years in which a series of new-voiced Bridge works were called into being under the generous encouragement of the most famous American patroness of music.

There was also Stanford, his teacher. It would not be difficult to estimate what that keen-witted man found in the new pupil in 1899. Abundant vitality, certainly; a marked instrumental executive skill (the violin had been his chief concern); a quick sensitive reaction to any purely musical influence; and from the first an unusually pronounced self-confidence. Doubtless, too, a sturdy conservatism, which Stanford would have been the first to approve and Bridge himself the last to recognize.

Vitality there must have been from the first. It marks all his known works, always abundantly, often excessively. Executive skill must have graced the youth who, so soon afterwards, could take up Wirth's viola in the Joachim Quartet. The sensitive response to musical stimuli almost certainly belonged to the early years: it was part of his nature. And self-confidence, as musician, must have been his birthright; for it has underlain all his work—his viola-playing, his conducting, his unhesitating craftsmanship, his opulent sonority in any chosen medium, and his unapologetic if not wholesale assumption (in later years) of the terminology of the Central Europeans.

The writing of chamber music is a creative effort of known and frightening delicacy. For Bridge it seemed scarcely an effort, and not at all frightening. He gave a half-assent to its delicacy—but from time to time permitted himself to speak with startling force through the medium of the string quartet. Doubtless, at the turn of the century, Stanford was reminding him that a string quartet was not the appropriate platform for extended oratory, nor the fittest vehicle for impassioned pleading; and was suggesting a well-disciplined and decorous mode of address. One suspects the young Bridge entertained warmer feelings about it. But one thing is certain: he instinctively respected limitations because he knew—as an adept in the playing of stringed instruments—just how generous an expression a quartet or quintet allowed him. It was this direct knowledge that gave him the freedom which marked the movement and progress even of his earliest essays in chamber music.

Any early work of his has that freedom. The three 'Idylls' for string quartet (1906) had it, certainly. They revealed, too, certain habits which remained with him always—settled workmanship, an unashamed "romantic" speech, a warm-heartedness that did not always acknowledge Anglo-Saxon limitations.

The first of his four string Quartets (of Bologna fame and title, 1906) is as settled as any later works, and is the recognizable ancestor of many of them. It has in its first movement the curiously Bridgean compound-time impetuosity. Its feeling could be instantly inflammable, and as swiftly turn to the elegiac. The slow movement lives, harmonically, in a semitonic descent of chords. It had other qualities already assumed by Bridge, but by no means common among British composers of that day. It was "publicly" effective to an almost virtuoso degree. It respected normal limitations in listeners by sudden elimination of complexities in the more strenuous phases. And on the personal and prophetic side it marked the usage of the slow initial phrase at a movement's beginning—poise before activity—and revealed the habit of cross-rhythm with compound time which came to such moving beauty in the lovely Phantasy Quartet in F# minor (1910) and was at all times pointing to Bridge as the potential composer of the world's most notable 'Barcarolle'.

In 1899-1903 there had been Stanford's influence. In 1905 W. W. Cobbett's began, and it was more decisive. Cobbett desired a national chamber-music consciousness; Bridge helped to enforce it. Cobbett dreamed of Phantasies; Bridge went far towards defining and shaping them. The one planned as an amateur; the other—completely professional—never lost sight of mere "lovers" of music . . . at any rate not until the piano Sonata of 1924 and in those years of his looking over their modest heads to gaze at things that were appearing in Central Europe.

'Phantasy' became the title and the goal for some years. A dangerous term—too ill-defined to spare the reputations of mediocre composers, a problem even to the better ones who sought in it a formula of terse unity-in-diversity. Bridge knew his own way of approach; knew also which way an audience might wish to be led. He explored the unifying basis of the "Quick-Slow-Quick" succession, and was too wily to allow its bald adaptation to make it a mere non-stop version of an eighteenth-century formula. He knew that "movements" in the old sonata sense must be reduced to mere "sections". And he realized that a succession of strongly varied moods must underlie the work to give at least that much common ground with cyclical form. Bridge, compounding with all

these claims, satisfied them with his usual ease. He was, *par excellence*, the composer without problems.

In the 1907 Phantasy Trio in C minor we may not always like the elaborate oratory: the pianoforte figures may seem trite (as others in later works). And to cool-hearted listeners the emotional output of the slow section seems to disturb well-schooled decorum. But the general unity is unmistakable.

The later Phantasy Quartet in F# minor (1910) for piano, violin, viola and violoncello is more distinguished. There are few modern chamber works—English or other—more fluent, more judicious in gesture and technical “behaviour”. Complete security of craftsmanship marks it. More than that, it has an unusually controlled emotion. Eloquence never lacks discipline. The work grows and finds its issue in a final section of a beauty that should outlast any in his earlier or later works. The Phantasy sums up the earlier Bridge more favourably than the revised piano Quintet of 1912 or the opulent string Sextet of the same year. Only the G minor string Quartet of 1915 can rival its all-round security of balance between heart and mind. It scarcely needed the dexterity and assurance of the orchestral Suite ‘The Sea’ (when a Carnegie award in 1917 made that work available) to confirm three facts touching what we may call the First Bridge: one, that he composed for sheer enthusiasm, and with a warm private approbation; a second, that he enjoyed an unusually developed technical mastery; a third, that he was free from problems of language and expression.

* * *

There was a Second Bridge. Here are four printed signs of a changed “voice” and style. This is from the piano Sonata of 1921–24:



In 1926 the third string Quartet (one of the works dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge) has this typical texture in its first movement:

Ex. 2 *Allegro*
Vl. I

Vl. II
 Vla.
 Vcl. *fp* *piss.* *arco* *marc.*
f *p* *cresc.*
f *pass.*
mf *mf* *mf*

Six years later, the violin and piano Sonata was finding one of its moments of poise in this :

Ex. 3 *Lento* ($\text{♩} = 48$)

pp *dolce* *pp*
rit.

In 1937 the fourth Quartet (also dedicated to Mrs. Coolidge) had this among its initial ideas :

Ex. 4 $\text{♩} = 104$

If against these four examples one set four others from the First Bridge, the pictured opposites would be startling. For against Ex. 1 might be placed the easy flow of the piano part in the coda of the Phantasy Quartet of 1910 ; against Ex. 2 two or three bars from the *Allegro vivo* of the G minor Quartet (1915). A *vis-à-vis* to Ex. 3 might be found in the quieter moments of the C minor Phantasy Trio. Opposite Ex. 4 the direct energy of the "Bologna" Quartet's finale might be quoted.

The composer-without-a-problem somehow and somewhere had run full-tilt into an enigmatic development. Superficially the change was extensive. Actually it was less radical than it seemed. One might speculate upon what motives and orientations may have prompted the change or given it energy. But such speculation would have to fall back upon the assumptions (a) that Bridge had grown weary of his own turns of phrase and figures of speech ; (b) that

the fear of old-fogeyism had suddenly beset him ; (c) that a life-long consideration for writing publicly-effective music had driven him to an opposite preoccupation with private investigation of current problems ; (d) that horizons unexpectedly widened by the influence of a distinguished cosmopolitan patronage had prompted excursions into an internationalized sphere ; or (e) that he had thought fit to transform himself for the purposes of such adventure.

But the technical facts are more profitable. The chief of these is that Bridge's conversion to modernity was in effect a compromise, and was in no sense a final burning of boats. It involved changes in idiom, startling in an Englishman, but scarcely noticed in a mid-European. Shape and build of melodic line were altered ; the ease of fourth, fifth or sixth gave place to emphasis of the major seventh. Balanced sentences were broken up, melodic lengths reduced. Preponderance of augmented intervals over minor, major and perfect removed the whole implications of major and minor triads and their inversions. The fringes of polytonality were touched, but the severities of the theory of atonality scarcely approached. The formal design which had for long reached back to Brahms was far from going forward to Berg. Continuity of the classical sort was inevitably replaced by a procession of shorter spans, swiftly changeable in mood, pace and intensity. The innocent discursiveness of the Cobbett Phantasies was now pushed to extremes. Yet the better-known earlier Bridge was by no means banished. He was characteristically and perpetually intervening with his later self. Old rhythmic habits, well-tested means of sonority, love of swift and impatient climaxes, the lure of beauty of sound for its own sake (as in the wistful and tender second movement of the third string Quartet)—these are as much in the second as in the first self.

Above all, the old warmth and humanity are there, the variability of temper and the abiding technical mastery.

Yet one important element in his highly practical musicianship had been almost eliminated—his hitherto precise regard for an audience's capacity to be abreast of whatever he was offering them. With the piano Sonata he moved right over to private, as distinct from public, obsession. Almost without warning he issued not the old easy invitation but a disconcertingly new and unpredictable challenge. No one expected it of *him*. The comfortable-minded were shocked, the more instructed were grudging of their tolerance. And the astute and publicly-sensitive Bridge for the first time in his life was himself inclined to ignore the limitations of the human ear. His claims against that docile organ rose steeply in the Sonata. Perhaps

he suddenly accepted the fact that composers are notoriously among its oppressors. Other and greater men had made history through that oppression, so why not Bridge, if he were so minded? There is "oppression" in the Sonata. It is darkened with thick colours of low-placed chords. It is stressful and admits only comparative rest (in the second movement). Its harmony lives and moves in slow chromatic shifts, shot through with polytonality. It is metrically unpredictable with 7-8, 6-8, 7-8, 7-16, 3-8 processions in places. Clear-cut groups of themes are gone, and with it all trace of classical tonality. It is clamorous and vehement, coming as near to smashing its medium as its composer ever could do. But it is still, in all these technical considerations, a work based on compromise with the modernity they stand for. And it was on the like compromise that the third and fourth string Quartets were fashioned.

These works were (one can believe) only half-way houses along the road Bridge had elected to travel. Doubtless he was surprised by the distance he had already gone. But the widely-entertained fears that possibly he had lost his way are not likely to have been shared by the composer himself. The reverse is more certain. For neither the First nor the Second Bridge was a wanderer.

HAMILTON HARTY

BY JOHN F. RUSSELL

WHEN the Committee of the Hallé Concerts Society, in February 1920, decided that the time had come to change back from the war expedient of guest conductors to a permanent resident conductor, Hamilton Harty was sponsored by Beecham and Albert Coates. Beecham, in particular, was glowing in his praise and hopeful of a most successful alliance. After mentioning that he had offered Harty an important post in the Beecham Opera Company he went on to suggest that Harty's "interests and inclinations were entirely in the concert-room and with the symphony orchestra", and ventured to point out that the Society was likely to obtain a man whose interests, in a time of "broadening musical activity" were concentrated on an aspect which vitally concerned an organization pledged largely to the orchestral side of music.

Hamilton Harty had started out as an accompanist and a composer. His superlative accomplishments in the first of these provinces brought him into prominence in the musical world and no doubt paved the way for the acceptance of his compositions. Then, when his creative side gained the ear of the public, he was called upon to conduct—probably in the terms of the convention that often desires the "first performance" to be "conducted by the composer". It was at once apparent that he had special aptitude, and soon his conducting became a feature at London Symphony Orchestra concerts and elsewhere. When the German conductors disappeared from English concert-halls, in 1914, Harty's reputation was sufficiently wide to ensure him a place among the several foremost native conductors, and in Manchester he was well received in January 1915. The programme included Beethoven, Elgar and Smetana. The important feature of this concert, however, from most people's point, was that it gave the City an opportunity of appreciating his great gifts as accompanist: the violin soloist required not only the use of the orchestra, in the Tchaikovsky violin Concerto, but also the pianoforte in smaller works. Anybody who heard Harty in his capacity as accompanist could never forget his extraordinary grasp of every nuance and

expressive device. There was no question of a solo with accompaniment : unless the soloist was a very great artist the chances were that he would be submerged by the artistry of the accompanist—the aspect assumed would be pianoforte with violin obbligato. With the right artist, however, the result was always a superlative performance.

After this concert I did not hear Harty again until 1919, although he appeared frequently in the interim, but the memory of his playing was indelibly imprinted even though the impression of his conducting had become hazy with the passage of time. This fact in itself is suggestive. Whatever his conducting had in brilliance and talent then was overshadowed by his individual genius at the keyboard, and since the individual effort is more prominent than the collective one, even in the eyes of the discerning, this would naturally endear him to his audience and assist his ready acceptance as conductor. Possibly the early perception of all good work arises from some dominant characteristic in the creator, and the more dazzling aspects are those which impress before the critical instinct gets busy. Therefore it is easy to see why Manchester was eager to welcome Harty as a permanent acquisition. That he was fundamentally sound and did not suffer by comparison with his predecessors after he was firmly established is beside the point—he was at first acclaimed as a “prima-donna” accompanist.

Looking back over the period of his thirteen years in Manchester it is possible to recognize in Harty both advancement and change of view. In 1920 he himself expounded his artistic standpoint to an interviewer of ‘The Musical Times’ and laid bare his creed as it then stood. Perhaps the fundamentals did not radically alter, but Harty would have been the first to recognize the need for some modification at a later period. It has become customary to state that the orchestra was then sadly in need of repair. No doubt there were deficiencies, for it was slightly war-wilted, but the statement can be conceived in too drastic terms. It must be remembered that in spite of the fact that the personnel did not remain static the orchestra had been drilled and directed by first-class hands, notably Beecham, and was still capable of giving plastic and live performances. Harty was the first to acknowledge it : he voiced admiration for the Hallé, spoke of the wood-wind as the finest in the country and reflected his own perceptive capacity by stressing that there could be “no possible bluffing of such a first-rate orchestra”. He knew he had an instrument capable of excellent performance just as surely as he knew that his own chance had come to turn himself, by association, experiment and practice, into a first-rate conductor.

Given the necessary application and talent it was not a difficult task, and Harty's preliminary endeavour was to get the orchestra to back him up. It seems obvious that a conductor is largely at the mercy of his orchestra. However good and inspired he may be, if the orchestra is not willing to carry out his explicit demands there is no possibility of perfect performance. Even when capable, a good orchestra has to be moulded into shape to some degree, and so it follows that the conductor must be a trainer as well as a director. To his many other virtues must be added not only intimate instrumental knowledge, but the ability to handle men in the mass, to drive or induce them into his way of thinking.

Harty was not a disciplinarian of the "form-fours" type. He was far more subtle and less orthodox: he did not disdain to coax, but generally his method was an appeal to the imagination, a friendliness exhibited on the lines of "fellow-artists" together—as indeed they were—a keen wit and an urbane humour devoid of wise-cracks, but more deeply penetrative, and an unswerving adherence to standard. I fancy he was not so sure of women players and early took steps to replace the feminine war recruits by men. Incidentally he became so fond of the orchestra and so closely identified it as an entity with his own artistic endeavours that he was deeply hurt when some members were wooed to join the national orchestra newly formed by the B.B.C. It was not a case of pique: it was a real spiritual wound to him.

Method, no doubt, has its own physical charm; but it was results which counted with Harty. He recognized that the unorthodox stroke might be peculiar to the individual but amazingly productive, and he was prepared to admit it legitimate. To some degree this displeased the more conventional who disliked his non-insistence on uniformity in bowing and were so startled with the stark discipline of the strings of the Berlin Philharmonic when they visited the City under Furtwängler that they could not hear the music for watching the up-and-down-altogether of the bows. Yet no finer gradation of tone and seldom better attack than Harty's has been heard in Manchester. It was much the same in other departments—Harty did not care what means were employed in achievement provided it gave him the result he wanted. And was he wrong? Rule-of-thumb measures have their place in a scheme of education, but genius rides outside and above them. Perhaps in Harty's case it was no more than the result of his own unacademic training.

He did not radically depart beyond the ordained means in communicating his wishes to the orchestra. His beat was emphatic

enough on occasion, but usually graceful and convincing, without too elaborate a wealth of gesticulation. One prominent feature was an upraised and extended left hand in a constant urge to reduce *pianissimo* to the merest whisper, and a softly sibilated "S'sh". It has been said by members of the orchestra that "he 'S'shed' and 'S'shed' until we ceased to play, and still he went on 'S'shing'", but that is only an overstatement designed to show Harty's concern with tone gradation. Certainly there have been times when the 'Queen Mab' Scherzo rustled along so softly that it ceased to be audible at the back of the hall (and it cannot be denied that this was a miscalculation: music cannot exist without sounding. Further, the less manageable wind then seemed to break in on the delicate texture of the strings with the force of a tempest); but generally the thrills of the Hallé *pianissimo* more than compensated for such drawbacks. By such means Harty put Mendelssohn's orchestral fairies into an idealized 'Midsummer Night's Dream', while the scherzo-like portion of the slow movement of Franck's Symphony evolved a mysticism beyond anything I have heard elsewhere.

The notion that Harty used his eyes to evoke the more subtle nuances is not so far-fetched as it may appear on the surface—bearing in mind the limited possibility of such glances being always perceived in the hurly-burly of performance. Perhaps the idea arose from his mobile face, which so readily mirrored his emotions. It was no uncommon thing for tears to flow when he was profoundly moved by the music—this happened in such works as the slow movement of the third Brahms Symphony. On the other hand nobody could be more nonchalant and obviously uninterested if a work had been wished upon him for performance. On one occasion he steadily ploughed through Saint-Saëns's Symphony in C for organ and orchestra without making the slightest effort to reduce it to "musical" terms, and on another, when his aversion to the modern idiom was the subject of critical comment, he said—apropos of Prokofiev's 'Ala and Lolly: Scythian Suite': "They want modern music—they shall have it" and drove the performance in a most ferocious fashion, at top speed, *fortissimo*. Such incidents indicate that he could be a difficult man. His usual admirable temper and amiable disposition was streaked through with an implacability which closed his mind to reason when provoked by circumstance. He would not have been the great interpreter he was without this slight strain of the "devil", for it peered through in his conducting.

As for the vexed question of the conductor as "composer's

mouthpiece" or interpreter, Harty may be said to have been both in turn. He felt himself at liberty to add his own temperamental fire to the composer in most nineteenth- and twentieth-century works and yet preserved a strictly classical view of Bach and Mozart. Mozart in particular (whom, with Berlioz, he acknowledged as one of his "private deities", in 1920) appeared to imbue Harty with the desire to impose a contemporary restriction on the orchestra, an attempt to achieve performance as much in the eighteenth-century tradition as possible. To this end he always whittled down the strings to almost diminutive proportions, gained exquisite playing and startlingly clear-cut tonal patterns thereby, but marred it by undue attenuation in the climaxes: by so drastically reducing volume and dynamic drive he robbed the composer of "daemon". Apparently he overlooked the fact that the playing of Mozart's day was probably a great deal rougher and more powerful, that tone-colours have changed considerably, that a different sound now probably impinges on a different standard of hearing and that therefore a "contemporary" performance is impossible of attainment.

Curiously enough Harty was not afflicted with the cult that preaches the reduction of the 'Messiah' to its original dimensions and did not hesitate to use all the additional accompaniments now usual. But he did try out the Bach B minor Mass, experimentally, with a harpsichord background and only discarded it when it proved ineffective in the modern concert-hall. Before leaving Mozart it may serve a useful purpose to quote Harty's own view, in which the former was coupled with Berlioz: he regarded both as "intuitive composers" as opposed to logical exponents and drew the usual parallel of "heart against head". The factors in both which appealed to him most forcefully were the "beautiful, fresh-sprung melodic line", and it is in that phrase that may be found the source of his treatment—the attempt to keep the melodic aspects clean-cut, vigorous and expressive, even at the expense of harmonic massiveness.

Haydn did not seem to have any outstanding interest for Harty. A few of the symphonies were performed, and well performed, in a stylized manner closely akin to his treatment of Mozart, but apparently he did not see the older composer as the inventive genius and soundly expressive musician he undoubtedly was. The wit was there and certain naïve aspects of Haydn's humour, but scarcely the humanitarianism. It might with justice be suggested that the label "Papa Haydn" with its implications of superficial geniality obscured, as it has with others, his proper view of Haydn's greatness.

Richter had made Manchester a stronghold of Beethoven and Wagner tradition. It is interesting to note how Harty reacted to this. He was in no way dismayed and took a personal view which in some ways cut right across the accepted standpoints. In these two composers Harty was pre-eminently the interpreter, in a way that left some of the wiseacres shaking their grey heads dubiously. Pace was the main bone of contention—he shook Wagner out of the more leisurely Teutonic tempo—but the drastic stressing and underlining of sundry dramatic episodes was also considered devastating. Invariably the second subjects of symphonies (this applied not only to Beethoven) were broadened out to make their entrance impressive and noteworthy. Although this became something of a mannerism, it often stimulated attention and prevented complacency or unwitting acceptance. The transition passage and entry of the second subject in the first movement of Beethoven's C minor was a case in point, and I for one now rarely hear it without longing for Harty's intensifying *ritenuto*. Finales were frequently taken at breakneck speed, the argument being that *allegro assai* or *presto* meant as quickly as could be conveniently played. And it has to be admitted that it frequently "came off"—the music stood up to it—and roused the unsophisticated portion of the audience to a frenzy of excited enthusiasm. Against this, by contrast, the slow movements were sometimes dragged out, and there were times when the sheer beauty seized hold of Harty to a degree that made it appear impossible to release hold. In such cases, in spite of the almost static qualities, the ultimate refinement of tone, marvellous balance, delicate nuance, the lovely gossamer sheen, compensated for the retardation of the rhythmic pulse. Nevertheless, it has to be admitted that here Harty was imposing his conception to a supreme extent on the composer's notes, adding his personal idiosyncrasies to the written score. Would the composer have objected? It is doubtful, since everything was sincere, devoted to musical ends, and nothing done for the perverse aggrandisement of the conductor.

Turning back to Wagner, Harty's own words may be quoted: "In Wagner, much as I love his music, I feel sometimes a mechanical process at work which makes me rate him below Berlioz". Well, if this was so, it was never evident at his concerts. He may have been acceding to public demands in devoting whole evenings to Wagner, but he gave everything with a marvellous sense of dramatic import, and with the full musical value accorded to every "mechanical process" he carried the whole audience with him. (And this was not inevitably so with his Berlioz.) Only in one way did he occasionally fail—the fair use of the orchestra in conjunction with a

soloist. Swept forward by the full surge of orchestral tone he would sometimes leave a singer helpless in the unequal contest, until only an Austral could ride triumphant on the crest of the massive tonal waves. It may be that his sense of proportion was subjugated here to a feeling that the instrument he had created out of the orchestra was superior to the vocalist, and in this way his artistic arrogance converted him temporarily into an intolerant "prima-donna" conductor oblivious to all save his own technical achievements.

The choral aspects of the Hallé concerts were rated as high as the orchestral side before the last war. Then came a change, either in fashion or policy: it is difficult to decide which was most to blame. Guest-conductors naturally were more concerned with instrumental music than choirs. Harty arrived with ideas, one of which was the transference of a greater part of the training of the rather unwieldy Hallé Choir from the chorus-master to himself. He called it a "thorny problem which to my mind has hardly been satisfactorily handled in the past". Did he solve the problem? Results do not seem to suggest that he did. An area that could produce some three hundred and fifty choral societies and choirs⁽¹⁾ giving public concerts can scarcely be conceived as lacking in choral enthusiasm, and yet the Hallé choral concerts did not attract. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that the fault lay partially with the conductor, and certainly there was an unattractive element about the concerts Harty provided, in spite of the excellent chorus-master he afterwards acquired in Harold Dawber. In recent seasons Malcolm Sargent has given electrifying performances of Berlioz's 'L'Enfance du Christ' and Haydn's 'Creation' which surpassed anything that Harty did in that line. The reason? Perhaps it was implicit in Beecham's suggestion at the time of Harty's appointment—that his whole interest was in the orchestra and that he had little real enthusiasm outside it, despite his composition of several successful choral works. Perhaps he found a large body of choralists not sufficiently plastic and too inelastic for his patience; but whatever the cause, the marked decline of that particular type of concert began during his régime. Ambition was still there, but realization was inadequate.

In his formative stage Harty had not the benefit of contact with eager young experimentalists. His education was at first home-made, unconventional if not folk-songy, based on the international classics of chamber music by the family party, and his father's organ-playing. The first twenty years were passed in the limited musical environment of Northern Ireland. Academic training may move

⁽¹⁾ This was the number written to in connection with the Peace Pageant.

on well-defined lines, but it has the advantage of contact with contemporaries who are often inclined to stray outside the curriculum in quest of new experiences. Harty's taste must have been solidly founded when he arrived in cosmopolitan London at the age of twenty, already the composer of chamber music and a Symphony. It does not appear to have altered greatly in after-years. He abhorred the merely logical in music and thought that "the source of all that is dull" was the "terrible cleverness of the moderns" who used logic as a substitute for intuition. If his outlook on modern output was limited thereby, this proves that to him music was not a thing of "notes", but of emotional reaction to sound. Really he went farther: his emotions were not vague and nebulous, but actually described graphic lines and completed pictures. Perhaps his own use of Irish idiom in composition was a revulsion from modern attitudinizing to the national sentiment behind the tune; but he could see no analogy when confronted with Bartók's similar tendency and simply regarded him as a more or less unsuccessful experimenter. He acknowledged an admiration for early Stravinsky and for Ravel because their cleverness was based on wit. Strauss at his hands was so illuminatingly treated that when the composer came in person to conduct he was content to let the orchestra play the tone-poems in the way Harty had taught them. Scriabin found no sympathy at all in Harty, and was regarded as a poseur.

Other antipathies he confessed to in 1920 were, strangely, César Franck and, more strangely, Brahms. The term "strange" is used because he conducted their works particularly well. He may have found something weak in Franck's chromaticism and mystical manner, but one performance of the Symphony, about 1930, was so marvellously conceived and executed that it must remain outstanding in memory as a veritable monument of faith and conviction. Harty was here undoubtedly interpreting some inherent facet of his own spiritual make-up: sincerity was implicit. The case of Brahms is a little different. Possibly those works to which he was referring when he observed, "Friends of mine there are who can worship Brahms with impartiality through all the length and breadth of his work, and I sometimes find it hard to share all their transports", were left severely alone, but most certainly all the works common to the repertory were done amazingly well. Just as certainly some of these departed a long way from the "resignatory" aspect that he affected to admire. The "Passacaglia" of the fourth Symphony became a rebellious song of Fate at his hands more surely than ever did Beethoven's "No. 5".

A remark on English music reveals his attitude to the native

composer. He said: "So many clever musicians are writing in England to-day that it is strange no English music is being made", and then made an exception of Vaughan Williams. Before the termination of his Manchester sojourn, by the inclusion of a greater percentage of English works in his programmes, he had obviously found reason to alter his opinion and accept English music for other qualities than its foundation in folksong. This concern with nationalism, a weakness of his own composition, ignores the greater issue of universality in music. He himself was not deterred in his understanding of German works by his non-Teutonic mentality—incidentally, Celtic perception lightened up odd corners of them most fascinatingly—and later came to realize that some of the English composers he had hitherto disdained were using a language they thoroughly understood although it was Anglicized rather than English. He sponsored Lambert's 'Rio Grande' and played the pianoforte part marvellously.

As a final word it may be said that in the long range of Manchester music within living memory nobody has given so many inspired performances and nobody displayed the same inherent taste for diverse works or the same remarkable versatility.

THE SUBSCRIBERS TO MOZART'S PRIVATE CONCERTS

BY OTTO ERICH DEUTSCH

IN a letter to his father, dated Vienna, March 20th 1784, Mozart mentions the three Wednesday concerts he had arranged to give in a room above his own lodgings in the Graben, the private drawing-room of his landlord, the printer and publisher Johann Thomas Edler von Trattner. These concerts—outwardly far more modest than those given by Handel at the King's Theatre in London in 1745, 1747 and 1748—took place on March 17th, 24th and 31st, and their programmes included, among other things, the new pianoforte Concertos in E \flat major, B \flat major and D major (K.449-451). Admittance cost 6 florins for the series, and Mozart's receipts came to more than 1,000 florins, which meant at least 167 subscribers; as a matter of fact the list of names he enclosed in that letter numbers 176 subscribers. The letter, including the list, is now in the National Library at Vienna, offered to it as a present by the custodian T. G. von Karajan, the author of a book on 'Haydn in London'. The list is written in Latin script, with the exception of four names (Bötti, Jungwirth, Müller and Wölkern), which appear in German script. Many of the names are corrupted, but others too have been misunderstood.⁽¹⁾ A number of the persons mentioned, moreover, otherwise play no noticeable part in the story of Mozart's life.

All these circumstances account for the fact that the persons named in this long list are either omitted from biographies of the master altogether or do not appear in their indices. Emily Anderson, however, made a more thorough investigation of the list for her English edition of Mozart's letters than Ludwig Schiedermair had done for his German one, for she gained access to it by means of

⁽¹⁾ Alfred Einstein, the great Mozart scholar, in an essay entitled 'Mozart und die Humanität' ('Maass und Wert', Zürich, Year I, No. 4, March-April 1938, p. 548ff), designates nine of the names in our list as belonging to Jewish families of Vienna. It is probable, however, that only the following are to be regarded as such: Arnstein, Henikstein, Sonnenfels and Wetzlar, and not those of Binnenfeld, Ehrenfeld, Lewenau, Prandau and Sonnfeld, which appear in corrupted forms.

a photographic reproduction. In the pages that follow an attempt shall be made, for the first time, to elucidate it systematically, its biographical importance being far greater than has been hitherto supposed. My detailed knowledge of Austrian affairs may perhaps be regarded as having been of advantage to my work in this direction. I began by arranging the list in alphabetical order; next I endeavoured to set right as far as possible Mozart's misspellings and peculiarities of diction; finally I identified the persons' names to the best of my ability. My only regret is that it was no longer possible for me to consult the Catalogue of Austrian Personalities of the Eighteenth Century, compiled over a period of several decades by Max von Portheim and now preserved in the Vienna City Library. It is thus possible that several details will be further elucidated later on.

For the better understanding of the list, as it now appears, it may be added that Mozart's supposed mistakes have been corrected by references to the proper places taken by the names in the alphabet and that the incorrectly spelt names follow the correct spellings in brackets and quotation marks. Words in square brackets indicate alternative spellings or remarks of my own. The plus sign (+) after an entry indicates that a person has been identified, but that no particulars of his life can be given. Question marks in the same place show that I have been unable to obtain any information about the person named. Mozart's "v." (von) does not always mean an attribute of nobility (Edler v. or Freiherr v., i.e. Baron), but is often merely the Viennese equivalent of Esquire (*Wohlgeboren*). The letter *B* in italics at the end of the description shows that the same person subscribed to Beethoven's three pianoforte Trios, Op. 1, in 1797; in the same way *C.* and *S.* mean that he was later a subscriber to Haydn's 'Creation' or 'The Seasons'. Titles and offices for which there are no English equivalents have been left in their German form.

Aichelburg, Frau v. ("Eichelbourg"): Regine Josefa, *née* Wetzlar (afterwards Freiin Wetzlar von Plankenstein), wife of Maria Ferdinand, Freiherr von und zu Aichelburg, *Raitoffizier des ersten Departements der Stiftungs- und Städtischen Buchhaltere*.

Althann, Countess, *née* Countess Batthyányi ("Althan"—"Batiany"): Eleonore, later *Obersthofmeisterin*; wife of Michael Max, Count Althann.?

Apponyi, Countess ("Apumoni"): born Nogarolla, wife of Anton Georg, Count Apponyi. ? *B. S.*
(Ahrenfeld = ? Ehrenfeld.)

Arnstein, v. ("Arensteiner"): Nathan Adam, Knight (later *Freiherr*) von Arnstein, Wholesale Merchant and Banker, General Consul. *B.*

- Auersperg, Prince Karl : Officer, lastly Field-Marshal-Lieutenant, Knight of the Order of Maria-Theresia. *C.*
- Auersperg, Princess : Marie Gabriele Josefa, *née* Countess Lobkowitz.
- Auersperg, Prince Adam : Johann Adam.
- Auersperg, Count Karl : Chamberlain and Field-Marshal-Lieutenant. ?
- Auersperg, Count Wilhelm : Prince Wilhelm, Staff Officer. ?
- Banfy, Count ("Banffi") : Georg, Count Banfy, *Freiherr* von Losontz, second Vice Chancellor of the Hungarian-Transylvanian Court Council, Commander of the Order of St. Stefan, Acting Chamberlain.
- Batthyányi, Count Anton ("Batiany") : Chamberlain. ?
- Bedekovich : Anton Bedekovich von Kumur, Knight of the Order of St. Stefan.
- Beöthy, *Hofrat* ("Bötti") : Josef Beöthy von Bessenyö, *Hofkonzipist* of the Hungarian-Transylvanian Court Chancellery.
- Beöthy, Frau ("Bötty") : his wife.
(Bergen = Pergen.)
- Binnenfeld, Joh. Ad. ("Bienenfeld") : Johann Adam Binnenfeld, Wholesale Merchant.
- (Bötti, Bötty = Beöthy.)
- Born, v. : Ignaz, Edler von Born, Mineralogist, Aulic Councillor to the Court Chamber of the Mint and Mining.
- (Brandau = Prandau.)
- Braun, Baron v. : Karl Adolf, *Reichsfreiherr* von Braun, *Reichshofrat*. *B.*
- Braun, v. : Johann Gottlieb von Braun, *Hofrat der Hofrechnungskammer und der Steuer-Regulierungs-Hofkommission*; or Johann Nepomuk von Braun, *Ratoffizier der Kameral-Hauptbuchhalterei*; or Ferdinand Augustin von Braun, *Kurpfälzischer Hofrat* and *Reichshofrats-Agent*. *B.*
- Burkhardt, Baron ("Burkardt") : ?
- Burkhardt, Frau ("Burkart") : his wife.
- Chotek : Johann Rudolf, *Reichsgraf*, second Chancellor of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery. *C.* ?
- Czernin, Count : Johann Rudolf, Count Czernin zu Chudenitz, Chancellor, Knight of the Golden Fleece, later Chamberlain-in-Chief and Supreme Court Theatre Director, nephew of the Archbishop Hieronymus of Salzburg (Count Colloredo). *B.*
- Dalberg, Baron : Johann Friedrich Hugo, *Freiherr* von Dalberg, Amateur Composer. ?
- Deglmann ("Tögelman") : Bernhard, *Freiherr* von Deglmann, *Hofrat* of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery.
- Dietrichstein [Count], Josef : +
- Ditmar, Baron : Gottfried Rudolf, *Reichsfreiherr* von Ditmar, *Reichshofrat*.
- Drossdick, v. ("Drostik") : ?
- Dzierzanowschy [Dzierzanowski], Count : ?
- Edelnbach, v. ("Edlenbach") : Benedikt Schlossgängl von Edelnbach, Court Agent.
- Ehrenfeld ("Arenfeld") : Josef Frech von Ehrenfeld, *Konzipist der Staatsratskanzlei*; or Ignaz Frech von Ehrenfeld, *Akzessist der Registratur des Exhibiten-Protokolls der Vereinigten Hofstelle*. ?
- (Eichelbourg = Aichelburg.)

- Engelsperg, Frau v. (? "Engelsbourg") : wife of Joachim Mechtel von Engelsperg, Lord High Steward.
- Engeström, Baron ("Engelstrom") : Lars v. Engeström, Swedish *Chargé d'affaires*.
- Erdödy, Count Ladislaus ("Ertödy") : +
- Esterházy, Count Johann : *Niederösterreichischer Regierungsrat*. C.
- Esterházy, Count Franz : Esterházy of Galántha, Hungarian-Transylvanian Court Chancellor.
- Esterházy, Countess : Maria ; or Nicolette Franziska, *née* Richard de la Potréau, widowed Baronesse Durville, wife of Franz, Count Esterházy.
- Fechenbach, Herr v. : ?
- Fichtl, v., Agent : Johann Baptist, *Reichshofrats-Agent*, *hochfürstlich Salzburger Domkapitels-Agent* (Agent to the Cathedral Chapter of Salzburg).
- Finta, Baron (? "Findak") : Josef von Finta, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hungarian Nobles' Lifeguard.
- Fries, Count : Johann, *Reichsgraf* Fries, *Niederlags-Verwandter*, Industrial and Banker. B. C. ?
- Galitzin, Prince ("Gallizin") : Demetrius [Dmitryi Alexeievitch, Prince Golitsin], Russian Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Privy Councillor and Chamberlain. C.
- Gebattel, Baron : ?
- Gleichen, Baron : ?
- Gontard, Baron ("Gondar") : Johann Jakob, *Freiherr* von Gontard, later Companion to Count Moritz [I.] Fries.
- Graneri ("Grenieri") , *sardinischer Gesandter* : Peter Josef, Count Graneri, Sardinian Chamberlain, Ambassador Extraordinary of Sardinia.
- Greiner, *Rat* : Franz Sales von Greiner, Aulic Councillor of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery, *Rat der Studien-Hofkommission*. B. (Grenieri=Graneri.)
- Gretzmüller, v. ("Grezmüller") d.ä. (the elder) : Erasmus, *Reichshofrats-Agent*.
- Gretzmüller, v. ("Grezmüller") d.j. (the younger) : Johann Nepomuk, *Ratrat des Salzerzeugungs-Departements*.
- Häring, v. ("Härring") : Franz Anton, *Reichsritter* von Häring, *Niederösterreichischer Regierungsrat*, formerly Director of the Kärntner Theatre.
- Hall, *Ritter* v. : Theodor, *Freiherr* von Hallberg, Electoral Privy Councillor to the Bavarian Palatinate and Minister Plenipotentiary. ?
- Harrach, Count, d.ä. (the elder) : Johann Nepomuk Ernest or Leonhard, Count Harrach.
- Harrach, Count Ernest : Ernst Christoph, Count Harrach.
- Hartenstein, v. : Franz Zacharias von Hartenstein, *Oberst-Hof-Postamts-Verwalter-Adjunkt*.
- Hatzfeldt, Countess ("Hazfeld") : Hortense, *née* Countess Zierotin [or Marie Charlotte, *née* Countess Ostein], wife of Karl Friedrich, *Reichsgraf* von Hatzfeldt zu Gleichen, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stefan, Privy Councillor and Chamberlain, Acting State Minister of the Interior. B.

Henikstein, v. ("Hönikstein") : Adam Adalbert Hönig, Edler von Henikstein, Wholesale Merchant, later *Regierungsrat* and *Salzdirektor* at Wieliczka. *B.*

Hentschell, v. ("Hentschl") : Leonhard, Edler von Hentschell, Court Secretary to the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery.

Herberstein, Count : Josef Franz Stanislaus, Count Herberstein. ?

Herberstein, Count Bishop : Johann Carl, Count Herberstein, Bishop of Laibach.

Herberstein, Count Josef : Josef, *Reichsgraf* Herberstein, *Oberster Landrichter des Niederösterreichischen Landrechts*, *Erbkämmerer* and *Erbtruchsess* of Carinthia, Privy Councillor and Chamberlain.

Herberstein, Count Nepomuk : Johann Nepomuk Thaddäus, Count Herberstein. ?

Hess, Frau, *née* v. Kannegiesser : wife of Joachim Albert von Hess, *Reichshofrat* ; daughter of Hermann Josef, *Freiherr* von Kannegiesser, Councillor of State. ?

Hess, Frau, *née* Leporini : Maria Theresia, *née* von Leporini, wife of Franz Josef, *Reichsritter* von Hess. Councillor to the Nether-Austrian Government. [Parents of Field-Marshal Heinrich, *Freiherr* von Hess.]

Hochstätter, Baron : ?

(Hönikstein = Henikstein.)

Hoyos, Leopold : Johann Leopold Innozenz, Count Hoyos. ?

Hugart, Count : ?

Izdenczy : Joseph Izdenczy-Monostor, Hungarian-Transylvanian Aulic Councillor, Knight and Treasurer of the Order of St. Stefan.

Jacobi, v. : Konstantin Philipp Wilhelm [later *Freiherr* von] Jacobi-Klöst, *Geheimer Legationsrat*, Prussian Minister, later Ambassador.

Jacomini : ?

Jahn, Herr v. ; Ignaz Jahn, Court Purveyor. ?

Jungwirth, Baron : ?

(Käs = Keess.)

Kaunitz, Dominik : Dominik Andreas [III.], Prince von Kaunitz-Rietberg-Questenberg, Diplomat, later Vice-Master of the Horse-in-Chief, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. ?

Keess, Herr v. (Käs) : Franz Bernhard, *Ritter* von Keess, *Niederösterreichischer Appellationsrat*, *Landrat des Niederösterreichischen Landrechts*.

Keglevich, Count ("Keglowitz") : Josef, Count Keglevich von Buzin, Commander of the Order of St. Stefan ; or Karl, Count Keglevich von Buzin, Privy Councillor, formerly Director of the Burg and Kärntner Theatres. *B.*

Khevenhüller, Countess ("Kevenhüller") : wife of Josef, *Reichsgraf* Khevenhüller-Metsch, Field-Sergeant-Major-General, Commander of the Order of St. Stefan ; or wife of Johann Josef Franz Quirin, Count Khevenhüller-Metsch, Field-Marshal-Lieutenant.

Kluschofsky, Count (?Kluszewski) : ?

Knecht, v. : Johann Anton Knecht, Privy Court Secretary ; or Karl Knecht, Privy Chancellor of the Cabinet.

- Koller, Count : Franz Xaver, Count Koller de Nagy-Mánya, Commander of the Order of St. Stefan.
- Kollonitz, Count ("Kollnitsch") : Karl Josef, Count Kollonitz, Major-General. ?
- Kuefstein, Count ("Kuffstein") : Johann Ferdinand [III.], Count Kuefstein, Acting Aulic Councillor, later *Stadthauptmann* of Vienna, *Niederrösterreichischer Regierungsrat*, Provisional Vice-President of the Nether-Austrian Government, *Hofmusikgraf*.
- Lamezan, Herr v. : ?
- Lewenau : Josef Arnold, *Ritter* von Lewenau, *Wirtschaftsrat* to Prince Alois Liechtenstein.
- Lichnowsky, Princess ("Lignowsky") : Christine, *née* Countess Thun, wife of Karl, Prince Lichnowsky. *B. C.*
- Liechtenstein, Prince Louis ("Lichtenstein") : Alois Josef, Prince Liechtenstein, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. *C. ?* (Lignowsky=Lichnowsky.)
- Lobkowitz, Prince Josef : Field-Marshal-General, Acting Chamberlain, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. *B. C. S.*
- Luerewald, v. : ?
- Lutz, v. : Johann Lutz, *Niederlags-Verwandter*.
- Madruzzi, v. : ("Madruce") : Josef, *Freiherr* von Madruzzi, *Landrat* des *Niederösterreichischen Landrechts*.
- Mandelslohe, Baron ("Mandelsloh") : + (Märchal=Marschall.)
- Margelick, Frau v. ("Margelique") : wife of Josef Wenzel von Margelick, Knight of the Order of St. Stefan, Aulic Councillor of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery, of the *Hofkammer* and the *Ministerial-Banko-Deputation*, Dr. juris. *B.*
- Marschall, Count ("Marchal") : Count Marschall von Bieberstein. *B.*
- Martini, Baron : Karl Anton, *Reichsfreiherr* von Martini, Knight of the Order of St. Stefan, State Councillor of the Interior.
- Mayenberg, v. ("Meyenberg") : Anton Josef, Edler von Mayenberg, *Ständischer Verordneter der Niederösterreichischen Regierung*, *Rat des Niederösterreichischen Appellationsgerichtes*, Lord High Steward.
- Mecklenburg, Duke of ("Meklenbourg") : Georg August zu Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Field-Sergeant-Major-General. (Meyenberg=Mayenberg.)
- Montecuculi, Count : Ludwig Franz, Margrave Montecuculi.
- Morton, Mylord : George [Douglas], Earl of Morton, later Baron Douglas of Lochleven. ?
- Müller, *Hofrat* : Johann Christian Müller von und zu Mülleg, *Niederösterreichischer Regierungsrat*, Court Agent (*e.g.* of Salzburg).
- Nadasdy, Count General ("Nadasty") : Franz Leopold, Count Nadasdy-Fogáras, Field-Marshal and *Ban* of Croatia.
- Neipperg, Count ("Neiperg") : Leopold Johann Nepomuk, Count Neipperg, later *Reichshofrat*.
- Neuhold, Frau v. : wife of Johann Baptist Neuhold von Sövényháza, Knight of the Order of St. Stefan, Hungarian-Transylvanian Aulic Councillor.

Nevery ("Nèvery") : Alexius Leopoldus von Nevery, *Hofkonzipist des Ungarisch-Siebenbürgischen Hofrats*. B.

Nimptsch, Count : Ferdinand, Count Nimptsch, Officer ; or Josef, Count Nimptsch, *Freiherr* von Fürst und Kupferberg, Major, later General of Cavalry and Knight of the Order of Maria-Theresia.

Nimptsch, Countess : his wife.

Nostitz, Count ("Nostiz") : ?

Nostitz, General : Friedrich Moritz, *Reichsgraf* von Nostitz und Reineck, *Dienstkämmerer*, General of Cavalry, Captain of the Lifeguard of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

Oettingen, Count ("Ötting") : Philipp Karl, Count Oettingen-Wallerstein, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, later *Reichshofrat*, President of the *Reichshofrat*.

Oeynhausien, Count : . . . later Portuguese Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary.

Ott, v. : Josef Anton Ott, *Legationsrat des Fränkischen Kreises*.

Paar, Prince : Wenzel Johann Josef, Prince Paar, *Oberster Reichs-, Hof- und General-Erbland-Postmeister*. B. C.

Paar, Count : Wenzel, Count Paar, Chamberlain.

Pálffy, Josef ("Palfy") : Josef Franz, Prince Pálffy, Aulic Councillor of the Hungarian-Transylvanian Court Chancellery, later *Erb-Obergespan des Komotats Pressburg*. B.

Palm, Prince : Karl Josef [II.], Prince of Palm-Gundelfingen.

Palm, Princess : Maria Josefa, *née Freiin* von und zu Gumpenberg, divorced Countess Törring-Jettenbach.

Passowitz, Countess : ?

Passthory ("Paszhorthy") : Alexander von Passthory, Hungarian-Transylvanian Aulic Councillor.

Penzenstein ("Pentzenstein") : Johann Penzeneter von Penzenstein, Major-General, later Field-Marshal-Lieutenant, in 1784-5 Commander of Artillery in the Netherlands.

Pergen, Count ("Pergen") : Johann Anton, *Reichsgraf* Pergen, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stefan, Privy Councillor, Chamberlain, Minister of State for the Interior, Colonel-Land-Marshal in Nether Austria, later President of the Nether-Austrian Government and Minister of Police. B.

Ployer, Agent : Gottfried Ignaz, Edler von Ployer, *hochfürstlich* Aulic Councillor of Salzburg, Court Agent (e.g. to Salzburg), Court Agent of the Chamber of the Mint and Mining.

Podstatzky, Count Josef ("Potztatzky") : Josef, Count Podstatzky-Lichtenstein.

Poncet, Frau v. : ?

(Potztatzky = Podstatzky.)

Prandau, Baron ("Brandau") : Franz, *Freiherr* von Prandau, *Ausschussrat der Niederösterreichischen Stände*, later Privy Councillor.

Prandau, Baron v. : Josef Ignaz, *Freiherr* von Prandau, Industrial. ?

Pufendorf, Frau v. ("Puffendorf") : wife of Konrad Friedrich von Pufendorf, *Reichshofrat*. B.

Puthon, v. : Johann Baptist, *Ritter* [later *Freiherr* and *Reichsfreiherr*] von Puthon, Wholesale Merchant and Banker, later Industrial, Director of the National Bank.

Raab : Ignaz, Court and Legal Advocate, Dr. juris [Leopold Mozart's landlord at Salzburg].

Rosty, v. : Ignaz, Colonel, *Distrikts-Kommandant des Oberzeugamts*.

Rottenhan, Count : Heinrich, Count Rottenhan, Acting Chamberlain, Aulic Councillor of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery.

Salburg, Count ("Sallabourg") : Christoph, Count Salburg ; or Rudolf, Count Salburg, Field-Sergeant-Major-General.

Sauer, Count : Wenzel Ferdinand Kajetan, Count Sauer, Aulic Councillor of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery, later Governor and District Captain of Tyrol ; or Kajetan, Count Sauer von und zu Ankerstein, Chamberlain, Privy Councillor, Vice-President *in pleno* of the *Innerösterreichische Gubernium*. *B.*

Sauer, Countess : wife of Wenzel Ferdinand Kajetan, Count Sauer.

Sauer, Countess : wife of Kajetan, Count Sauer von und zu Ankerstein.

Schaffgotsch, Countess, *née* Countess Kollonitz ("Schafgotsch"—"Kollnitsch") : Maria Anna, Countess Schaffgotsch, wife of Anton Gotthard, Count Schaffgotsch, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Schleinitz, v. : ?

Schwab, P. J. : Philipp Schwab, Councillor of the Nether Austrian Government, and Ignaz [later Edler von] Schwab, both Wholesale Merchants.

Schwarzenberg, Prince : Johann Nepomuk, Prince Schwarzenberg, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. *B. C. ?*

Seilern, Count August : Karl August, Count Seilern ; or Christian August, Count Seilern, President of the *Oberste Justizstelle* and Privy Councillor.

Seilern, Count Josef : Chamberlain, *Reichshofrat*.

Smitmer, v. : Jakob or Valentin, Edler von Smitmer [Smitmer, Brothers], Wholesale Merchants ; or Matthias Josef von Smitmer ; or Andreas Benedikt, Edler von Smitmer, *Hofkonzipist* of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery ; or Josef Stanislaus, Edler von Smitmer, *Hofkonzipist des Exhibiten-Protokolls der Vereinigten Hofstelle* ; or Franz, *Ritter* von Smitmer, Canon [Collector of Seals].

Soltyk, Count ("Soldyk") : + [suspected as a "Jacobin" about 1795].

Sonnfeld, v. ("Sonnenfeld") : Leopold Kleinhans von Sonnfeld, *Amtsrat des Militär-Haupt-Verpflegsamts*.

Sonnenfels, v. : Josef von Sonnenfels, Aulic Councillor of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery, *Rat der Studien-Hofkommission*.

(Spanischer Botschafter=Yriarte.)

Starhemberg, Countess, *née* Countess Neipperg ("Staremburg"—"Neiperg") : Wilhelmine Josefine Therese, Countess Starhemberg.

Sternberg, Count : Franz [Christian] Philipp, Count Sternberg, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, Privy Councillor, Chamberlain, second *Obersthofmeister*.

Sternberg, Count Adam : +

- Sternberg, Count Gundacker : *Reichsgraf*, Chamberlain, *Reichshofrat*.
 Stockmayer, Baron : Jakob Friedrich, *Reichsritter* von Stockmayer, Resident Minister for the Margrave of Baden.
 Stöckel, Frau v. ("Stökel") : wife of Josef Adrian Stöckel, Municipal Councillor ; or of the Art Dealer Franz Xaver Zacharias Stöckel.
 Stopford, Lord : James George Stopford, Earl of Courtown, also Baron Salterford, Officer. ?
 Streeruwitz ("Strurrewitz") : Johann Nepomuk von Streeruwitz, Aulic Councillor of the Bohemian-Austrian Court Chancellery.
 Swieten, Baron van ("Suiten") : Gottfried van Swieten, Prefect of the Court Library, President of the *Studien-Hofkommission*. B. C.
- Thun, Countess, *née* [Countess] Ulfeld [Uhlefeldt] : Wilhelmine, Countess Thun. B. C.
 (Tögelman = Deglmann.)
 Trattner, Frau v. : Therese, Edle von Trattner(n), wife of the Printer Johann Thomas, Edler von Trattner(n), the landlord of the house in which the concerts were held.
 Türkheim, Frau : wife of Ludwig [later *Freiherr*] von Türkheim, Aulic Councillor to the Court Council of War [about 1795 member of the Secret Commission of Investigation.]
- Urmenyi ("Ürmeny") : Josef von Urmenyi, Knight of the Order of St. Stefan.
- Vasseg (? "Waseige") : Edmund Maria, Count von Vasseg, Physician and *Reichsgraf*, Provost of Vienna Cathedral. ?
 Vockel, Baron : Friedrich Wilhelm, *Freiherr* von Vockel, Councillor of Legation and Resident Minister for the Duke of Brunswick-Lüneberg and Wolfenbüttel, Resident Minister for the Prince of Orange-Nassau (Hereditary Stadtholder of the United Netherlands).
- Waldstein, Count : Franz Paula or Ferdinand, Count Waldstein.
 Waldstein, Count George : Georg Christian, Count Waldstein.
 Waldstein, Countess, *née* [Countess] Ulfeld [Uhlefeldt] : Marie Elisabeth, Countess Waldstein, wife of Georg Christian, Count Waldstein.
 Waldstätten, Baroness ("Bar.") : Martha Elisabeth, wife of Hugo, Baron Waldstätten, *Landrat* and Lord High Steward of Nether Austria.
 (Waseige = ? Vasseg).
 Weinbrenner, Josef v. ("Weinbremes") : *Niederlags-Verwandter*.
 Wetzlar, Baron, Father : Karl Abraham Wetzlar, *Reichsfreiherr* von Plankenstein, Wholesale Merchant and Banker.
 Wetzlar, Baron Raimund ("Raymond") : his son. B.
 Wilczek, Count ("Wolschek") : Franz Josef, Count Wilczek, Privy Councillor and Chamberlain ; or Johann Josef, Count Wilczek, Minister Plenipotentiary in Austrian Lombardy. ?
 Winkler, Baron : Josef Johann Winkler von Mohrenfels, Author. ?
 Wölkern, v. *Reichshof[rat]* : Lazarus Karl von Wölkern.
 (Wolschek = ? Wilczek.)

Wrbna, Count ("Würm") : Josef, *Reichsgraf* zu Wrbna und Freudenthal, Chamberlain and *Reichshofrat* ; or Rudolf, *Reichsgraf* zu Wrbna, &c., Statesman, later Chamberlain-in-Chief and Supreme Director of the Court Theatres. *B.*

Wrbna, Count E. : Eugen Wenzel Josef, *Reichsgraf* zu Wrbna, &c., Statesman, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, later Privy Councillor, *Obersthofmarschall*, Minister, Chief of the Secret Cabinet.

Wrbna, Count Louis ("Würben") : ?

Württemberg, Prince ("Württemberg") : Ferdinand, Prince of Württemberg. ? *B.*

Yriarte, Don Domingo ("*der Botschafter Spaniens*") : Secretary and *chargé d'affaires* to the Spanish Embassy.

Zichy, Count Karl ("Zitchi") : Karl, Count Zichy von Vásonykő, Chamberlain, Hungarian-Transylvanian Aulic Councillor, *Obergespan des Komitats Raab*.

Zichy, Count Stefan : Chamberlain, later member of the *Theater-Unternehmens-Gesellschaft*.

Zinzendorf, Count : Karl, Count Zinzendorf, Privy Councillor and Chamberlain, President of the *Hofrechnungskammer* and of the *Steuer-Regulierungs-Hofkommission*.

(Zitchi = Zichy.)

Zois, Baron : Josef, *Freiherr* von Zois. ? *B.*

NIETZSCHE, WAGNER AND DELIUS

BY ARTHUR HUTCHINGS

THERE is no need to ask what delighted Wagner in the arrival of young Nietzsche to help in the cause ; nor is it difficult to trace the gradual rift between the two men, beginning with Wagner's first petulance at a worshipper who was so ridiculous as to declare that he had other *serious* work besides that of trumpeter-in-ordinary to The Artist, and who could not always run along to Tribschen or Wahnfried like a child called from play. Examining Nietzsche's view of the separation, it does not require an Anglo-Indian up-bringing for us to understand his misery among the stupid rich faces who crowded Bayreuth in 1876, faces so different from those of the select enthusiasts of 1872 ; and most Englishmen can imagine the stiff upper lip which he kept when last walking alone with Wagner, at which time, it will be recalled, the composer discoursed upon the beauties and comforts of the Protestant Communion Service. A notorious Englishman who practised few aristocratic limitations of conduct and conversation once said of Boswell : " He engages the affection of his friends without incurring their respect ". Such a phrase may explain the smile with which we see Nietzsche's cooling from the first admiration of Wagner ; moreover there is plenty of writing to describe their personal estrangement. Long before " Menschliches, Allzumenschliches " Nietzsche saw feet of clay, but was willing to use blinkers. But that was towards the man. It has always seemed to me that the various opinions expressed by himself and others which are supposed to elucidate Nietzsche's disappointment in Wagner the musician are both obscure and sporadic ; moreover they seem too pettifogging to be worth the study of those who do not follow Nietzsche's Hellenic interests. The number of musicians who sympathize with his verdict upon Wagner's art must be very small. If the virility of ' Meistersinger ' so thrilled him, they ask, what more could he want than such a passage as the welcome of Siegfried by Gunther and Gutrune in the " disappointing " ' Götterdämmerung ' ?

The plain fact is that the musical criticism of a man who found later on in ' Carmen ' what he had hoped to find in

'Götterdämmerung' is not worth writing about ; but it may serve another and more profitable purpose than our examination of its merits as criticism. Many people must have wondered if, in the only great composer to set his writing to music, Nietzsche might have found those qualities which he did not find in Wagner's work. Do I then suggest any obvious similarity between the art of Delius and that of Nietzsche's beloved Aeschylus and Pindar ? Certainly not. We need not be Greek scholars to recognize that the Greeks of Nietzsche's favourite century, the sixth, represent the vigour of the Greek arts in their prime, or while developing towards their prime ; and we also recognize that the marvel of Delius is his potent expression in a technique which, from its place in musical history and from its composer's temperament, has to be called decadent. All I suggest is the likelihood that in Delius's work Nietzsche would have found what he *thought* to be a re-birth of the Dionysian spirit ; such music he looked for in the flowering of an ideal new culture, the culture of Zarathustra, inspired with the courage, the Bacchanalian recklessness, the acceptance of all that life offers, painful and pleasureable, that fired Greek tragedy before Sophocles ; the philosopher and artist were to be one in this culture, for your speculating arguer and rationalist is no philosopher in Nietzsche's eyes : " the theoretical man " does not know the full experience of the highest type of mortal. And, since music is the Dionysian art, the prophets and artists of the ideal new culture must be the musicians.

I propose in this essay to give Nietzsche's musical criticism the honour it does not deserve : in itself it seems as empty as a dog's baying of the moon ; but if we use it as a starting-point it may give us some insight into the least tangible contrasts between Wagner and Delius ; let us regard the bases of an imaginary friendship of Nietzsche with Delius as the chemist regards a catalyst—an agent which helps to induce a reaction, but which is not itself affected by the process. We may then see more vividly the difference between 'Tristan' and 'A Village Romeo'. It will be noticed that I do not include Richard Strauss in our inquiry ; not only has his music a Wagnerian origin, but the particular tone-poem, 'Also sprach Zarathustra', is no more than a great colourist's response to the glowing imagery of Zarathustra's noonday ; the bulk of Germans, together with plenty of folk outside Germany who would repudiate Nietzsche's teachings, share Strauss's delight in his prose. (Of course, a musical dilettante like Nietzsche might well have been sucked in by the programme of 'Heldenleben', for all its blatancy ; and no true Teuton would share our giggles at " The Helpmeet " !)

As to Nietzsche's approval of Delius the man there can be little

doubt. The composer may not have satisfied Cardinal Newman's concept of The Gentleman, but his character reflected certain traditional chivalric traits, begotten of pride, fastidiousness and the money to supply right models and impose right taboos in early training. For instance, Delius would have been "above" Bayreuth vulgarity—would have confessed to his friend that the atmosphere was unpleasant but did trade no harm, and that trade was wanted at the moment. He had, too, the aristocratic virtue which Nietzsche himself displayed and which commands the respect of the fiercest critics; I mean the endurance of prolonged physical torture, not, be it stressed, with Christian resignation and fortitude, but with Stoic acceptance. Nietzsche accepted the blow of Wagner's loss as he accepted his physical sufferings; all was part of experience which was to find creative expression. That Nietzsche's philosophy is but the projection of his temperament is a common remark; as an artist, he depicted a culture which exalted the artist and flattered his type; that is why Delius drank so greedily of Nietzsche. Nowhere in his philosophy is the artist allowed to pity himself; to suffer is his lot; Zarathustra is to embrace and yea-say his pain, his loneliness, his *Herzeleid*, as he is to embrace the whole life of the Higher-born, as it always has been and shall be. In contrast, we are intended to recall the Christian "Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from Me". We turn to the picture of Delius, and to Eric Fenby's amazement that so much courage could be displayed by a sufferer who scorned comforts offered by the religion of the Suffering God. Not even the schoolboy Delius took delight, after Confirmation, in the Protestant Communion Service.

Though he clung with Yorkshire tenacity to the beliefs that flattered a rebellious and high-spirited youth, Delius was as incapable as was Nietzsche himself of consistent speculative thought when such thought was not contingent on his own personality and experience. More than once I have heard the silly remark that Delius was an "intellectual"; when Browning wrote "The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians *know*", he took a Nietzschean view, setting the artist in a position mentally superior to a mere intellectual's; naturally "we musicians" approve his view, but it can be only snobbery which supposes the contents of Delius's somewhat more expensive library to be more "intellectual" than the thumbled volumes of poor old Schubert, whose greeting-card taste in verse has been the jibe of many a literary snob. There is no more thought in the Norwegian songs, the Verlaine lyrics and the particular excerpts from Whitman, Dowson and Henley which the cultured Delius chose to set than there is in

the pretty babblings of Müller and the Brentanos ; and if there is more "thought" in the Shelley lyrics, then that is not what the music pretends to illuminate ; Delius did well to omit from 'Sea Drift' the passages which meditated upon Death. It does not exercise one's intellect particularly to enjoy the haunting "Honey, Honey ! I am coming down the river in the morning". All Delius showed with reasonable consistency was the acquired thing called taste. It was not thought which led him to the *Weltanschauung* of Zarathustra ; he was Nietzschean by constitution, not by conversion. Zarathustra flattered his particular make-up, and one may observe that it is especially easy to take the first step towards a "Master morality" if one has a good bank balance, or if one has been brought up among affluent relatives who will at least not let one starve though one has flouted their wishes in becoming a practising artist. Indeed a certain measure of family opposition, followed by the isolation, known to all artists, even when held in honour by their contemporaries, cannot fail to breed the courage and ruthlessness, the egocentricity and will-to-power which makes Zarathustra praise hardness—"Härte und Heiterkeit"—as the most desirable of virtues.

Why so hard ? said the kitchen coal to the diamond ; are we not near relations ?

Why so soft, O my brethren ? Thus I ask you ; are ye not my brothers ?

And if your hardness will not flash and cut, and cut in pieces, how can ye, one day, create with me ?

For all creators are hard.

Hard indeed, as Fenby showed us, was the man Delius ; in the sufferer of Grez Nietzsche could have had no disappointment such as he received from the Sybarite of Wahnfried.

Many who did not know Delius at first hand must have been surprised at Fenby's picture in 'Delius as I knew him', especially if, like myself, they had lapped up the contents of Heseltine's 'Delius'. Could two biographers be so unlike as Heseltine and Fenby ? Heseltine deceived us, but not in everything, nor with deliberate intent. There was little deception as to the things with which Delius surrounded himself ; in spite of the much that programme-notes make of his early struggle for a hearing, he was rather more fortunate than most artists . . . particularly Wagner, who was tied to and battered by the constant necessity of producing opera, and of seeing his own work done as it was intended to be done. Delius had the money and the opportunity to lead the romantic "artist" life *par excellence*, to fancy himself in the Childe Harold tradition and

know the delights of travel and adventure, of highly spiced life in the old *quartier latin*, of tempered epicureanism when he first made his home, and of congenial friends whom he could invite or dismiss at will. Misunderstandings and other circumstances kept relatives at a distance ; an adequate income kept creditors away and spared the necessity of tiring or boring work such as arranging or performing other men's scores. Heseltine deceives us in writing of Delius as if he were but an æsthete—a musical Leighton or Beardsley, and, of course, since his boyhood was passed when every intelligent young man was an æsthete, there were ninetyish books in his library and ninetyish pictures on his walls. Heseltine's is a great book, but not as a picture of Delius. Fenby, though he discourses no more upon Nietzsche than does Heseltine, gives a fairer picture of the Nietzschean Delius, by giving us a straightforward account which is not a projection of Fenby. When Heseltine writes of the Nietzschean texts (and only then is the name mentioned) it is plain that Nietzsche is to him just what I have said he was to Strauss, and no more—a great poet and another æsthete. Heseltine's tragedy is that of an æsthete, happy when his interests and avocations occupied him, when he could bury himself in resurrecting the songs of Dowland and the lutenists, or when editing the Purcell string fantasias, or even when expressing himself in a tortured romanticism, neither Delian nor Dionysian ; only an occasional top-dressing paid deliberate compliment to Delius ; when the seams of beauty were worked out, when the orange was sucked dry, Heseltine could neither, like Wagner, fall down before the Christian cross nor, like Delius, proclaim unshaken faith in Will, and with stricken body call for the cellar's choicest. Neither the Christian in his greatest rite, nor Zarathustra in his ecstasy, drinks for the reason Heseltine drank, for their philosophical foundations are denied the pure æsthete. As Watson so well wrote : " Beauty is not Truth, but the smile on the face of Truth." This is an important matter for inquiry ; if, after reading Heseltine, we were given more insight into the beauty of Delius's nature-poems, we might still miss the intangible essence to find which I said it was worth while taking Nietzsche's musical criticism seriously. There need be something more than Heseltine showed if we decide that this music held what was not found in Wagner. Fenby was well aware of something more, and he hated it.

Nietzsche mentioned that something, but to grasp it we must follow him through his Greek enthusiasms. He recorded it as the spirit, and for him that meant the philosophy, of Dionysus, god of wine, fertility and the art of music. In one of his last books, " *Ecce homo* ", Nietzsche professes discipleship of Dionysus and includes

in an appendix to that book the poems called 'Dionysos-Dithyramben'. The orgies of Dionysus, with his attendant satyrs and leopards, are described in the 'Bacchae'; he brings the exaltation of drunken ecstasy which, for Nietzsche, is the spirit of man at his highest:

Either through the influence of narcotic drink, about which all primitive men and folk speak in songs, or at the powerful onset of Spring, which permeates all nature with desire, awake those Dionysiac stirrings, in whose climax all that is subjective vanishes in complete self-forgetfulness . . . the bond between men and men is joined again . . . change Beethoven's triumphal Song of Joy into a picture and be not behind with your imagination, when the millions sink with awe into the dust, so can you approach Dionysiasm. . . . Singing and dancing, man expresses himself as a member of a higher community.

In this ecstasy, man says "yes" to all life as it is; the universe is full of pain, sorrow, cruelty, injustice; there is no beneficent and moral order. Only one who accepts, who yea-says this can recognize the full teaching of Oedipus, for of this spirit was tragedy born. This is 'Die fröhliche Wissenschaft', 'The Gay Wisdom', and it is in the book of that name, written just before 'Zarathustra', that Nietzsche tells us most about the spirit of Dionysus, of whom we have first learnt in 'The Birth of Tragedy'. Zarathustra is simply Dionysus in the new culture—the culture of which Nietzsche hoped Wagner was to be the prophet. (In passing, I believe Nietzsche was sincere in this; as things were, he made himself the great Prophet; had he found his musician-superman, akin to the Hebrew "Nathi" or full prophet, he would have been content to play the minor prophet or "seer".)

Hellenists had, of course, read the 'Bacchae', but they had not marked and inwardly digested the significance of the Dionysian orgies in appraising the spirit of the ancient Greeks, whose "serenity" was misunderstood and misnamed. Nietzsche was not only the first to declare that the chorus in Greek tragedy emanated from the Bacchanal train of Dionysus, but that this chorus, itself a religious rite, was the actual source of tragedy; further, that the tragic hero is always to be identified with Dionysus, making tragedy completely religious, and that tragedy declined and died so quickly because Euripides and others moved away from the spirit out of which tragedy was born; they introduced un-Dionysian, unmusical elements, which had been brought into the later Greek *Weltanschauung* by the spoiler Socrates—Nietzsche's *bête noire*—"the theoretical man", the man who condemned art and music and who

pushed forward in their place systems of argument, speculation and ethics. This un-Greek, inartistic culture was that of Athens, made supreme by the Persian wars; Athens did not nurture the art of barbaric Greece, whose "horizon was encircled by myths", whose life was found in warfare, in the rule of the tyrants, and above all in tragedy, music and the Dionysian orgies. True, the underlying spirit of this ancient Greece was pessimistic, but the pessimism that produced Dionysian tragedy was given by Nietzsche a special name, "Pessimismus der Stärke", to distinguish it from what he regarded as the degenerate pessimism of Schopenhauer and the Crucified. It will be remembered that Mr. Blotton, of Aldgate, was not an ordinary humbug, but only "a humbug in the Pickwickian sense".

What is important in these conclusions is that Nietzsche says he was drawn "instinctively" to them. From his earliest lectures at Basle he held an entirely different view of Greek literature, art and culture from that of the older Weimar classicists. In the 1870s his views were novel, and it is to his credit that modern Hellenists have shifted their values considerably in his direction. Despite the artistic perfection to which Greek literature developed after Sophocles, Nietzsche declared the work of the fifth century to be less powerful than that of the preceding age. After the virility of Aeschylus and Pindar, Greek writing and art seemed, in Nietzsche's opinion, to have lost in Periclean Athens what we may think Decorated Gothic lost in its evolution from Norman and Early English; and just as there are those who are not certain that some forms of Early English are not to be reckoned on the way to decadence, Nietzsche was at first inclined to exclude Sophocles from the great Dionysians. I believe it was Roger Fry who said that all the greatest works of art showed the delight of the primitives in handling materials and in creation itself. I remember at the exhibition of Italian art at Burlington House a few years back how remarkable was the popular interest in the earlier work rather than in the full-blown technical magnificence of the Renaissance. The difference between that popular attitude and the attitude of Ruskin's day may help to show the difference between Nietzsche's enthusiasm for the sixth century B.C. and Winckelmann's delight in Raphael, who reflected the (to Nietzsche) decadent efflorescence of the fifth century. Of course, Winckelmann had little access to the models of any century before the fifth. I do not know whether Nietzsche was alone in his opinions, or whether he was the solitary voice of progressive Hellenists; the scorn of certain other German universities at some of his findings inclines one to the former view. Where Nietzsche was certainly alone, and brilliantly so, was in his elucidation of the

religious, Dionysian origin of tragedy, and it is because of his connection of tragedy with the god of music that he figures in a discussion of Wagner and Delius.

Now it is surprising how easily the most experienced musician—which Nietzsche was not—can read into a score just what he wants to find there; programme notes abound with curious subjective prattlings, which tell us something about the writer's uninteresting æsthetic make-up, but which cannot be called criticism. Nietzsche wanted to find his Dionysian musician-philosopher in Wagner; his honesty was surprising. I myself am in far greater danger of finding what I look to find in Delius, and that happens to be what Nietzsche looked to find in Wagner. So I ask: is all Delius's music so consistently Bacchanalian as the great choral outbursts; I am not thinking only of the opening apostrophe of "Thou Will Unbending" or the laughing chorus which follows it in the 'Mass of Life'? The same spirit that we find in the Mass is to be found nearly always when Delius uses the chorus; there is the intoxicating splendour of "Shine, shine, pour down your wealth, great Sun!" which bursts upon us in the meditations of 'Sea Drift'; there are the magnificent 'Songs of Farewell'. . . . "Joy, Shipmate, joy! Pleased to my soul at death I cry" . . . wrung, if that is the right word, from a man who had to get Fenby to put down the vocal score. I feel certain that I am not mistaken about the Dionysian spirit here, bearing in mind that by "Dionysian" I simply mean "what Nietzsche would have considered Dionysian". But what of the orchestral nature-poems? Is there in them any element comparable with the escapism which Nietzsche declared he sensed in Wagner's work well before they became personally estranged?

It will be remembered that Wagner, while under the influence of Schopenhauer, conceived life as Will and Idea but accepted the pessimism which sought to dodge the tyranny of Will and to redeem a disappointing world by the advancement of a great culture. At first young Nietzsche shared these conceptions. He parted mental company when there followed, with Wagner, a development of the "redemption" escapism . . . first the rake's traditional pre-occupation with the redemption of a "bad" man by the love of a "good" woman (Donne said: "If you find her, let me know"!), then the Christian doctrine of redemption by vicarious and divine suffering, and the solace of the Protestant Communion Service—not the Mass. Nietzsche might have understood the artist lured by the Mass, which can be made, albeit subjectively, into something of a Dionysian experience, although that experience is hardly to be approved by the conductor of a Confirmation Class. Yet Wagner's

particular turn of escapism, Nietzsche declares (and we agreed to believe him), was observed in *his music* long before he had committed the unforgiveable sin of 'Parsifal'.

If there is a parallel vein of escapism in Delius's work, Nietzsche was already aware of its counterpart in that very kind of Greek art which, in the opening sentence of 'Die Geburt der Tragödie', he sets in contrast with Dionysiasm. "The development of art is bound up with the contrast of the Apolline and the Dionysiac". The difference between sculpture, the art of Apollo, and music, the art of Dionysus, is well shown in a paragraph from A. J. H. Knight's book on Nietzsche's Greek studies :

The man who realizes how frightful, how unbearable is the nature of all existence, will only be able to go on living if he has some powerful, external support. The Greeks, the most naturally pessimistic of all races, saw, very early in their history, that this was so, and chose the usual means of combating this dreadful reality. They turned to Apolline art, the art which is similar in its effect to a dream. . . . Apollo is the god of dreams. They created a mythical artistic world, the beautiful Olympian world of gods and heroes. They concentrated their minds upon the art of outward appearances, with its suggestion . . . fallacious but pleasing . . . of a world order of similar beauty, meaning and symmetry. And in this way they distracted their attention from the unbearable depths and realities of life, or succeeded in forgetting its terrors.

What English poet does that cap most easily fit? Surely Keats. Now is it not true that the art of Delius is more like that of Keats than of the more Socratic Wordsworth? Is Delius's stuff but that which dreams are made on? The distinction must be made between the dreamer and the visionary; between Keats and Wordsworth. If we disregard such drivel as the 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets', we see Wordsworth as a visionary, who surely approaches the Dionysian in the Spring Bacchanal of the 'Immortality' Ode :

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity.
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of Joy
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy.

.
The heavens laugh with you in their jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival.
My head hath its coronal. . . .

Some of this might surely be in the mouth of Zarathustra ; I seem to hear a background of Delian harmony to the six-eight swing of " Land and sea, Give themselves up to Jollity " ; and how perfectly could Delius have poised the lines :

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth, with delight,
Look round her when the heavens are bare.

(Some of Delius's greatest moments are those when the music seems alive but still.) Wordsworth's outlook was far from Nietzschean ; it is to be wondered what sort of twist an acquaintance with Nietzsche would have given his beliefs. But how rarely is Delius, except in choral writing (and he never used a Wordsworth poem), at all evocative of Wordsworth ! This is particularly remarkable because the bulk of Delius's orchestral work deals with nature, and to mention nature and an English artist is to invite comparison with Wordsworth. You may say that Delius does not seek to depict nature in her various forms and moods, merely because his titles are ' Appalachia ', ' The High Hills ', ' In a Summer Garden ', ' A Song before Sunrise ', ' Summer Night on the River ', &c. Debussy is the man for painting ; what Delius does is to communicate his own varying moods and reactions to various natural stimuli. If that is your attitude, I have yet to point out how rarely, if at all, Delius finds himself in a mood which is paralleled by Wordsworth. With the latter, even when he has removed the frock-coat and is not wagging a forefinger at us (Gentle Reader, know'st thou Mr. Beerbohm's drawing of Daddy Wordsworth patting a little girl's head in a rainstorm ?), even when he is not advancing his peculiar belief that Nature has a Beneficent Moral Influence on the man who lives close to Her—when, I say, the Simon-Lee-Ruth-Natural-Piety stuff is mercifully scant, there is always a half-religious *delight* or exaltation in the " solitary walk " and in the sights and sounds of Nature, from the small celandine to the revisited Wye. But with Delius, as with Keats rather than Wordsworth, solitariness with natural beauty induces a sort of sweet melancholy, a tender wistfulness which comes so spontaneously that it can hardly be just one instance of the sadness, perhaps solemnity, with which human beings are so often struck when in the presence of beauty. There are some natures, or some moods of every nature, in which the mere smell of vegetation, whether beautiful or not, induces this wistfulness, provided there is no human communication to distract the mind. Since this is a reflex emotion with most of us, we cannot say that it is the deliberate product of meditation upon the transience of

beauty ; but one can quite easily *imagine* a poet or musician to communicate this favourite theme of artists simply because he mentions and describes natural beauty, and what his imagery evokes in our mind's eyes and ears produces in us the nostalgically "sad" reaction. What we have to ask at present, however, is whether the haunting bitter-sweet of Delius is the inevitable concomitant of Zarathustra's yea-saying, or whether it is the heartache of Keats who, in Apolline sadness, thus cries to the nightingale :

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And fade with thee into the forest dim ;
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain.

This surely contradicts "Joy, Shipmate, joy, pleased to my soul at death I cry". Yet there are some who have actually written that they sense Keats's escapism in Delius. Is the spirit of 'Tristan' implicit in the 'Paradise Garden'? Does it lurk in 'Fennimore and Gerda'? Would time have brought the publication of 'Der Fall Delius'?

The answer must be personal. For my part I should ask those who find Apolline escapism in the orchestral tone-poems to ask whether their own subjective reactions are not contributing much of that spirit which they seem to perceive in the music ; it is quite pleasant to let oneself sag . . . to "fade far away, dissolve and quite forget" . . . and it takes a Beecham to give one all the loveliness without giving lengthy opportunities to sag. The very varied renderings of Delius's works which one hears from different conductors confirm one's belief that the emotion of which I am speaking is largely subjective. Secondly I would ask those who do not share my view to bear in mind the difficulty one has in avoiding an escapist response to decadent romantic harmony. Had Delius been a mere Sybarite-escapist, just think how easily he could have let each cluster of dominant ninth, eleventh and thirteenth slither to some obvious resolution ; the surprising thing about Delius is that, while using for bricks the chords which anybody can learn in a correspondence course on syncopated pianism, he gives them a highly individual and fresh twist, treating them in a cavalier fashion which would by no means please the devotees of the correspondence course ; one is pulled up too often to suit those minds who want to be drugged with

"soft lights and sweet music". This can soon be seen when you attempt what would seem an easy game, namely to parody Delius. You have the chords at hand which are the stock-in-trade of every "blues" compiler; you sit down and try to fit them to what you think is a Delian pentatonic melody, with a few stock formulas thrown in; the result is strangely unlike the 'First Cuckoo' and only too reminiscent of the morbid sex-song of an intimate revue. One could begin now to examine and enumerate a number of good technical reasons for the surprising vitality behind Delius's decadent material, for the composer knew a great deal more about technical matters than he liked to admit. He had a silly habit of pretending that he knew nothing about the technique of composition, simply because he was more impatient than most of us towards those pedestrian musicians and non-musicians who take and then teach an academic "composition course" when their parents should have put them to some useful occupation. Did the man who wrote the cello Sonata know nothing about melody? Does the string Quartet show a 'prentice hand in matters of texture and construction? But I prefer not to go through the technical reasons for this saving grace in Delius's writing. The technical self-criticism can only be effective when the mind knows the standards which are to guide the manipulation of technique, and I feel certain that for Delius one of those standards was what Nietzsche would have called "the Dionysiac spirit".

Of all musicians whose work was done near enough to our own life-times for us to know it well, Delius and Wagner owed least to academic study, and forged the most personal means of expression. How much one wishes the later composer had left us his views on the earlier. The full scores in Delius's possession could be counted on the fingers of one's hand. Leaves of the Beethoven symphonies were uncut at his death. But there was a score of 'Tristan', and that was all of Wagner. He heard 'Lohengrin' and other Wagner works both in England as a child and when staying as a so-called student at Leipzig? What was 'Tristan' to him? To deal with such a question would need another essay as long and, in the end, as inconclusive as this one.

How can one be other than inconclusive? Even though one feels certain that Delius would have been *persona gratissima* with Nietzsche, the reasons for his approval would have been as groundless as those of his dissatisfaction with Wagner's work. In the first place there may be weaknesses even in Nietzsche's conclusions about the Greeks; although, for instance, he asserts that "after Socrates the age of decadence sets in", he might have found considerable

justification of his own opinions in some of the post-Socratic sophists, particularly in that Callicles who figures so prominently in the 'Gorgias' of Plato. Secondly, though we may feel bound to regard Delius's enthusiasm for the religion of Nietzsche as sincere, we must remember that Delius first gained recognition in Germany during the period when all young patriots, many of the kind detested by Nietzsche, watched with ardour the revival of imperial glory, and with it the nasty bullying swagger of which we to-day know so much. "The future lies in the hands of the sons of the present Prussian officers" wrote Nietzsche just after the Franco-Prussian War. It was this audience which young Delius knew and with which he mixed; he must have shared some of its ideals. With it, he experienced the music of Wagner. Van Dieren writes: "They were speculative aesthetes, every father's son of them . . . let us be pagans; let us taste life . . . escape, freedom, light!" Their company was refreshing to a man whose previous experiences had been the bourgeois milieu of Bradford and the solitude of the Solano Grove, and, whether we like it or not, such we must admit to be the origin of Delius's Nietzschean philosophy.

LEOŠ JANÁČEK: SLAV GENIUS

By H. HOLLANDER

THE logical course that characterized the whole of Leoš Janáček's artistic development led him, at the very end of his life, into Dostoievsky's world. That this meeting should take place precisely in a work so devoid of action and so untheatrical as the 'Recollections of a Charnel-House' is hardly surprising, if we consider that it was the psychological characters in Dostoievsky's report of prison life which tempted Janáček to give them musical embodiment, and that this book meant for him the very ideal of his own Slavonic-Christian ethics of compassion and redemption. Janáček's spiritual and religious interests had much in common with those of Dostoievsky and Tolstoy. He shared their Slavonic belief in the goodness of mankind and in the ultimate forgiveness that awaits the guilty, and in addition to that he had the former's keen realist's and psychologist's insight.

"Dostoievsky! There's literature! Those magnificent, excellent people! Then suddenly they are overwhelmed by some stroke of fate, and they suffer. They have to do penance, but their hearts are of gold." These words of Janáček's concerning the 'Charnel-House' might just as well characterize 'Jenufa' or 'Katia Kabanová', indeed even the animal opera of 'The Cunning Vixen'. Just as Janáček lays bare the human heart under the convict's tunic in all its vulnerability and its aching for deliverance, so he clairvoyantly discloses in those earlier works all the soul-states that find us small and helpless in the face of an unconquerable destiny. Jenufa's illegitimate motherhood and her desertion by her faithless lover, the adultery of the lonely and spiritually enslaved Katia, the little vixen overtaken by a bullet at the very moment of her greatest pleasure in living—all these recall the composer's words: "Suddenly they are overwhelmed, and they suffer."

With a reverent tolerance, born of brotherly indulgence, Janáček spreads a radiance of all-embracing compassion over human guilt and its atonement. In spite of her sin Katia's soul is "white as the moonlight mirrored in the Volga", and even the sextoness's deed in drowning Jenufa's fatherless child in the brook finds a sort

of higher justification, "for God knows best that it must turn out thus". The elemental compulsion to which such events are due comprises within itself their forgiveness by the supreme judge, for it was Janáček's profound belief that no creature, however fast enmeshed in guilt and degradation, can ever be cut off from divine grace. At the head of the score of his last opera he had set this significant motto: "In each creature there is a spark of God." The final scene in the 'Charnel-House', where one of the prisoners regains his freedom, is like a consoling apotheosis of human existence. He slowly leaves the prison through the open gate while those left behind sing a chorus of freedom. As Ernst Křenek has beautifully said: "It is as though the man Janáček had sung this to himself when his soul left the charnel-house of this world."

This metaphysical bent of Janáček's was the apparently paradoxical inner kernel of his utterly healthy and powerfully active vital impulse. A soul of the greatest delicacy and frailty was here surrounded by the hard shell of a steely body and an impetuous temperament, which protected it against the outer world: it is thus that Max Brod interprets the curious mixture in his monograph on the master. But just as Janáček's philosophy is big and simple, just as it is devoid of any æsthetic or literary admixture, so does the style and expression of his art show the iron will of its creator. The Moravian of peasant stock who had his homeland's rye-bread sent to him at Leipzig remained hard, incorruptible and stubbornly simple in his art. He has been reproached with being primitive and found fault with for the naturalism he had learnt from Mussorgsky. It was said that there was something improvisatory and unfinished about his themes and also about his instrumentation, which kept too often to unplayable registers. No doubt, this tough little old man had nothing of western classicism and humanist æstheticism about him. The mark of his musical style is an aphoristic brevity of thematic formation, which he had learnt from the Russians, and a fresh realism of invention that came from direct impressions of nature. Peculiarities of verbal inflection, which he exploited musically, disclosed things of the human soul to him; the times of the day and the seasons of the year did something more to determine his expression. He knew how to interpret animal voices; on a hot summer's day he could write down his impression of the stillness that pervaded the sunny landscape; the rippling of water, the sawing of wood, the noise of the carpenter's hatchet became for him music that laid bare the soul of things.

Janáček's feeling for nature was not to be contented by vague poetizing or by the indefinite mood-painting of the impressionist

artist. Guided by his genius for psychological intuition, he could sum up the exact basic formula of a dramatic situation or of a character in its momentary frame of mind by means of a few characteristic notes—a "speech-motif". But he would have nothing to do with the associative device of the *Leitmotiv*, which he regarded as incapable of representing the warm pulse-beat of a passing emotion and felt to be too apt to stereotype the dramatic situation as well as, in general, to be an element of indirect reaction. In this respect he was up in arms not only against Wagner but also against Smetana, whose occidental and stylizing tendencies he deprecated. As a Moravian he showed the Slav's craving for colour even in church music and missed the sensuous orchestral sounds in the work of those who pleaded for unaccompanied singing. Even in his seventy-third year he gave striking proof of this in the Glagolitic Mass, a setting of the old Slavonic liturgical text, which in his hands grew into a perfectly non-ecclesiastical and ecstatically spontaneous hymn to the divinity, filled with the spirit of the ancient pagan folk ballads. An old man had here flung before the world a work full of tempestuous vitality, a work that had much in common in attitude and racial feeling with Stravinsky's 'Sacre du printemps'.

As a child of the people Janáček was deeply rooted in its primitive life-force. He loved his native soil and its homely people above all things; he knew their customs, their music, their cares and joys intimately, and so his art grew into a penetrating and truthful reflection of that world as only the great Bedřich Smetana's had done before him. In spite of the great difference between their temperaments, Smetana's genius met Janáček's on the same level of an idealistic recognition of the people's nature. For both of them the true quality of the people meant an inward integrity, a noble modesty and serenity, and nothing that is uncouth, clumsy or coarse. It is in 'The Bartered Bride' and in 'Jenufa' that this ideal is embodied at its purest, and neither of the two masters so much as thought of letting himself be tempted into a drawing-room presentation of his precious material. But the Dionysian Janáček had another point in common with the Apollonian Smetana: both shrank from the use of actual folk-tunes in opera. Being themselves akin to the people as a mysterious creative force, they produced music infused with its spirit as the personal expression of their very own gifts. To season their art with folksong quotations was an enticement to which it never occurred to either of them to yield. Indeed Janáček's feelings against such a practice were so strong that he destroyed the greater part of his early opera, 'Beginning of a Romance', because in it he had used several tunes of his homeland.

Again and again the master's artistic aspirations centred in the Slavonic world of the East. On two occasions he went to Russia for his operatic subjects : in 'Katia Kabanová', which is a free version of Ostrovsky's 'Storm', and in 'Recollections of a Charnel-House'. Before his choice of 'Katia' he had thought of a work based on Tolstoy's 'Living Corpse', and later his reading of the same author's 'Kreutzer Sonata' resulted in the composition of his first string Quartet. Gogol's story of 'Taras Bulba', moreover, inspired his symphonic poem of the same name. His concern with the vicissitudes of his own country, too, is reflected in his work over and over again, as for instance in the 'Song of Hradčany', in the choruses entitled 'Seventy Thousand' and 'The Czech Legions', in the early opera of 'Sárka', in the fantastic-dramatic burlesque, 'The Excursions of Mr. Brouček', and not least in the symphonic poem, 'Balada Blanická'. The libretto for the 'Charnel-House' he knocked into shape himself from a number of dialogue passages in Dostoevsky's original, which he adapted almost unaltered. The process was ingenuous, but like all his artistic creations it has the force of irresistible impressiveness.

THE DEAD PAST

BY FRANK HOWES

THE past weighs heavily upon us. The modern composer has to elbow his way through the accumulations of three and a half centuries of music. And as if this thrusting for position and struggle for a hearing was not hard enough in face of the public's determination to listen only to the classics of its choice, enterprising conductors and singers revive works which the merciful process of natural selection, or trial by oblivion, has managed to eliminate. Pianists and even composers go one worse and rearrange for one medium forgotten pieces conceived by their creators for something else now by the mercy of nature obsolete. Concert audiences go forward with their necks permanently cricked and their ears in the back of their head. Bach not Bartók for them, Handel not Hindemith.

Then there are the researchers. The word "research" wears a halo nowadays. Our admirable Musical Association goes ever deeper into the more and more recondite—*per obscurum ad obscurius* is its motto. Everything is done, with the best intentions, to load our backs with more and more of the past. The scholar is the man who can carry the greatest amount of this lumber; the stylist is he who can most successfully resurrect the long dead or revive the moribund. We are all indeed the heirs to a great inheritance, and we are so grateful for our rich heritage that we do not notice what a burden it is.

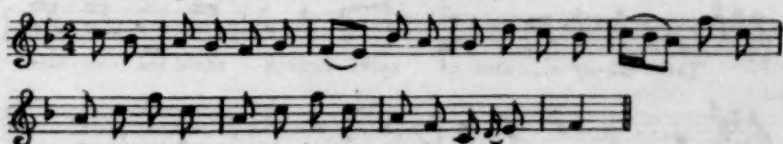
I propose therefore to add a little more to the pile of lumber. It is not serious enough or substantial enough to justify itself as history. This is just a wanton act of cluttering up the world with useless knowledge that Time, which divides the living from the dead, has done its best to clear out of the way. Two old books have recently come into my hands as a result of deaths in the family, bringing to light the sort of music that our great-grandparents went in for and what my own grandfather played on the harmonium in his village church.

"The musical life of this country" is a phrase in common use. It is a conveniently vague phrase. It means a lot—the sum-total in fact of all musical activity in these islands at any one time. The justification of its use (I would plead) is in the fact that somehow all

kinds of music, including the dregs of the art, do in a sort of a way hang together. The villages lag behind the small towns, the towns lag behind the great cities, and the cities lag behind the metropolis. Things that the Londoner turns up his nose at, having outgrown them a generation ago, crop up still going strong in the country and, maybe, a little lower in the social scale. The worse hymn-tunes are the kind of thing I mean, and the ballads that started from Langham Place forty years ago still get sung by amateurs at village socials.

The coming of the wireless might have ironed out this time-lag and made us all of one mind, simple villager and Hampstead high-brow, old and not so old. But the B.B.C. for all its alleged misdeeds, still believes in freedom of choice and includes plenty of bad music in its programmes, so that everyone can work out the evolution of his own taste. I am told that an old ballad about three green bonnets, which has a choke in verse 3, and which purged many an audience by pity—I know for I often played it on silk-fronted pianos in ruralest England when I was young and innocent—is deliberately put on by the B.B.C., sometimes in metaphorical inverted commas as a period piece and sometimes out of just plain original sin. It still in fact takes all sorts to make a musical world from Glyndebourne to a village Bethel. So do not let us throw stones at anyone and don't you, readers, think that I am throwing stones at my grandparents.

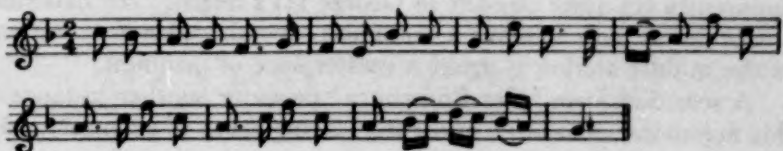
I was however a little taken aback to come across this tune in one of my new possessions, the older of my two old books :



The words are :

Fear not, faint not tho' thou stray (*sic*)
In thy doubts and thy distresses ;
God can make a flowing way
Even thro' the wilderness.

The man who could at a touch wither into the flattest of common-places one of Mozart's most limpid inspirations had genius. Here for comparison is "Batti, batti" :



Observe what the sacred parodist has done. By taking out the dots he has changed the gait of the tune to that suitable for a Sabbath day's journey. This is a fruitful method, for Rossini, Beethoven, Weber, Cherubini, Marschner, Auber, Hérold, Hummel, Handel, Méhul, Dussek, Gluck, Mercadante, Zingarelli, Donizetti, Spohr and Haydn can all be made to sound like an Anglican hymn-tune. Many of the pieces chosen are in consequence unrecognizable. At least, I cannot place the little bits of Beethoven as I feel I ought to be able to do, even if some of the operas of the early nineteenth century which have been raided are more excusably unidentifiable.

But to return to 'Don Giovanni', that fount of sacred melody, the avoidance of a dominant cadence in Zerlina's aria in the interests of brevity has enabled the pious arranger to remove an ungodly melodic frill and to arrive home pedestrian-wise by a short cut.

Not that our editor is averse to all melismatic passages in sacred song. When he requisitions "Là ci darem" he disinfects it of its perhaps too secular atmosphere by improving on what Mozart wrote in the fifth bar :

Star of my Hope, de-part not; Thy soul's un-cloud-ed light; 'Tis
 dark-ness where thou art not Worse than E-gyp-tian night. *Fine*
 Tho' ma-ny a star of splen-dour A-round the con-cave
 shine; Their beams no com-fort ren-der, Till light-ed up by thine *D.C.*

Farther on in the second part of the tune (bar 11) he has resisted the temptation to indulge in word-painting, but this time it is not clear why, unless it be for the sake of the moral gymnastic of resisting temptation. Mozart wrote A, B, A, F# for the last four semi-quavers, which gives quite a good suggestion of a curve and might therefore have illustrated "concave" (in its old substantival use not apparently yet quite obsolete in George III's reign). His flattening out of the melody to make a dominant-seventh cadence at the end of the middle section is again a masterpiece of prosiness.

A selection from 'Der Freischütz' provides another instance of this ingenious musician's queer fluctuating sense of propriety. He

has appropriated Agathe's aria "Softly sighing", which, certainly, in the original is a prayer. Here he has been willing to preserve for Sunday usage the almost florid run on which Weber's heroine concludes her petition. Her words are (in their English translation) :

Softly sighing, day is dying,
Soar my prayer heavenward flying ;
Starry splendour, shining yonder,
Pour on us thy radiance tender.

This becomes :

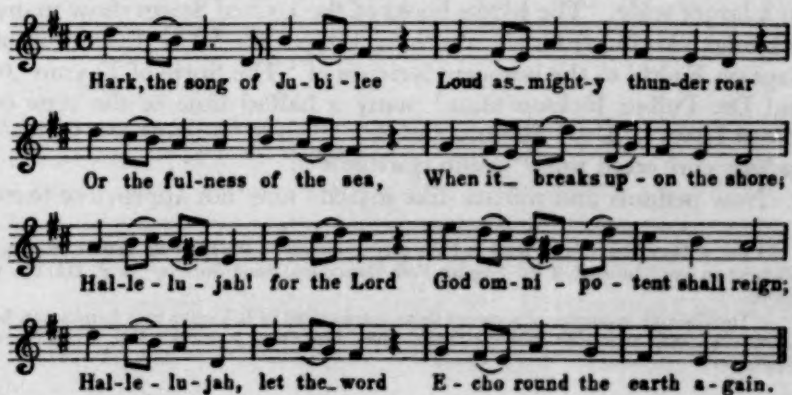
Softly, softly let my prayer
To yon starry mountains rise ;
Be my tuneful supplication
Wafted to yon listening skies.

The tune, after the extraction of some irreverent semiquavers, the elimination of some blasphemous dots and a pedestrianization of the middle cadences, flutters accurately to its dying fall :



Here the choice between pedantic fidelity to the composer and the natural suggestiveness of the new words have fought a battle in which the downward tendency of the vocal line has reversed the direction of the ascending prayers. Another case of resistance to the temptations of pictorial word-painting !

One more example of this editor's ingenuity must suffice. Handel's name was a guarantee of respectability if not of actual piety. One of his stout, four-square tunes was therefore requisitioned for the song 'Hark ! The Song of Jubilee' :



Stout and four-square forsooth! Sung tenderly at the proper tempo and unshorn of all its graces, as this vigorous ditty could not be sung, this is the famous and familiar 'Caro mio ben', whose composer was not Handel but Giordani the younger. So misappropriation is added to the delinquencies of Mr. John Blockley, Professor of Music of 27 Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, who "selected, composed and arranged these 150 select melodies, as a Companion to the Music Room on the Sabbath Eve".

The principle that the devil cannot be allowed to keep all the good tunes has been invoked often enough in the history of congregational singing, and the justification urged for it has always been that if people are to sing godly songs they must sing them to tunes they know—the permanent excuse offered for the retention of bad hymn-tunes even to this day. In 1567 in Calvinist Scotland the three Wedderburn brothers published 'Ane Compendious Book of Godly and Spirituall Sangis Collectit out of Sundry parts of the Scripture with sundry other Ballats changet out of prophaine sangis for avoyding of sin and harlatry, with augmentation of sundrye gude and godly Ballates'.⁽¹⁾ The songs on which these early pirates drew for their material were the love-songs of the day—the antithesis of hymns and love-songs, by the way, was found by Cecil Sharp to mark a distinction between popular composed ditties and true folksongs in the Appalachian Mountains as recently as 1917. The love-songs impressed by the Wedderburns included, as Miss Gilchrist has shown, such erotic originals as the Dawn Song, with its warning to clandestine lovers to part, and the Night Visit songs, the *Fensterlieder* or "window" songs like 'Goe from my window', in which the youth sought secret admission to the girl's dwelling at night.

The nineteenth-century revivalists did exactly the same thing on a larger scale. The hymn-books of the United States show many folksongs varying from the cautionary type like 'The Execution of Captain Kidd' to the innocent lyricism of 'The Sprig of Thyme',⁽²⁾ and Dr. Pullen Jackson found many a ballad tune of the type of 'Lord Lovel', 'Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor' and other "Child" ballads converted into "white spirituals".

Now pedants and purists (like myself) may not approve of these

⁽¹⁾ For a discussion of this book, which was reprinted in 1897, see an article by Anne Gilchrist in the 'Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society', Vol. III, No. 3 (1938).

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annexations, but folksong is a tough plant, and no great harm is done. Furthermore these folksongs are common property, and, if they are appropriated for some purpose that can truly be described as popular, nobody cares enough to make a fuss about it, not even the scholars, for they are going to have all the fun a generation or so later of disentangling what is now being so blithely commingled and can write a new chapter in the history of folksong which will testify to its unquenchable vitality. But Professor Blockley can put forward no such defence. Apart from the question of copyright, he has committed the violent outrage of amputation, he has smeared the vivid with the slime of commonplace, he has misrepresented the composers whom he has robbed. His book must have been published between 1816 and 1840, since among its subscribers are the Princess Augusta (d. 1840) and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester (m. 1816). But there was not then any law of copyright to protect the works of composers so recently dead as Mozart, Weber and Beethoven (if the last two were indeed dead at the time of publication). Nor indeed would copyright, which nowadays has probably gone too far in regarding ideas of the mind as analogues of physical property, have preserved creators of these tunes from the pains of mutilation and distortion, any more than it saves the classics from being jazzed to-day. But it would at any rate have stopped Professor Blockley from attaching their names to these bastards.

My other book, whose purpose is no less devotional, shows a much higher standard of behaviour, and except for a few borrowings from Handel the music was designed from the first for the purpose to which it is put in

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The formula "the whole selected, arranged and composed" is the same as that on the title-page of Blockley's book, and "the convenience of private families" is one of the compiler's aims. But he envisages part-singing and has so arranged his harmonizations as to permit the Psalms to be sung by as many parts as are available.

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The custom of singing in parts is now very prevalent [he says] and is spreading daily: but it often happens, especially in private families, that a sufficient number of persons cannot be found to

perform a composition for four voices. To obviate this inconvenience the following melodies are so harmonized that they may be sung in three parts, or even in two.

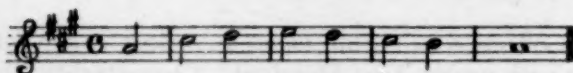
The needs of families and small choirs are, however, not the only ones that Horsley had in mind. The interludes, which are the special feature of the book, he hopes "will be found useful by many organists who are not in the habit of playing extemporaneously".

The interlude [he goes on] is a delicate part of the organist's duty, and as much attention should be paid to it as to the psalm itself. Interludes are intended not only to give relief to singers, but likewise to prevent that monotony which arises when the same air is repeated many times without interruption.⁽¹⁾

A footnote further explains the function of the interlude :

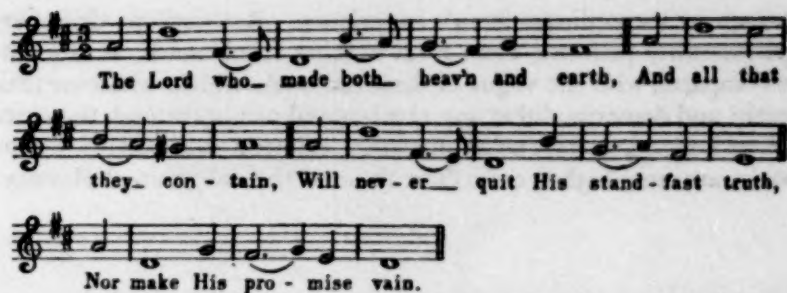
In some churches, it is customary to play an interlude at the end of each verse ; this, however, renders the performance too long, and it is generally thought sufficient to play before the last verse, or, where the sense of the poetry requires it, before the last verse but one.

That Horsley was a musician with a conscience can be surmised from the introduction from which these sentences have been quoted. The contents of the book vouch for his artistic as well as his editorial conscience. His selection of tunes is admirable, containing Winchester Old, Burford (which he attributes to Purcell), St. Michael's, St. Ann, York (attributed to John Milton senior) and Luther's Hymn. The last-named, though given in a form with a less striking conclusion than that of the 'Geistliche Lieder' of 1535 :



provides a good example of his restraint and good taste in harmony : he uses nothing but triads in their root and first positions and two cadential six-four chords. His interludes similarly are simple and musicianly. He generally provides four for each tune, of which one is usually imitational, one has the tune in an inner part, one is a flowing descant, and one may put the tune in the bass. His own tunes also do him credit, and the only questionable inclusion is the following "altered from Handel" and labelled 'Messiah', to a metrical version of verses 6-8 of Psalm CXLVI :

⁽¹⁾ Which recalls Dvořák's remark after he had been taken to evensong in Trinity College Chapel when he went to Cambridge for his honorary degree : "But why did they worry that poor little tune so much ?"



The date of the book is 1828 and it is addressed from Kensington Gravel Pits, that is from the house (No. 128) in Church Street, Kensington, where Mendelssohn was a frequent and welcome visitor, as we may read in Mrs. Gotch's evocative book of letters exchanged by her aunts, the Horsley girls, with *their* aunt.⁽⁴⁾

My copy of 'Horsley's Psalmody' was given to my maternal grandfather, Richard Phipps, who played the harmonium in the village church at Coombe, Woodstock, Oxon, by a visiting parson. It would appear that my grandfather, who died in 1884 before I was born, had exceptional musical ability and a good voice. He was friendly with T. W. Taphouse, the Oxford musical antiquary, and though his education and accomplishments were modest enough he seems to have impressed anyone who came in contact with him by his love of and feeling for music. The donor of this book, who was probably a don from Oxford, perceived that he would appreciate the quality of Horsley's tunes when the tides of mid-Victorian sentimentality were running strong in the church, or that he would like to play, and perhaps to imitate, Horsley's musicianly interludes.

Here then are a few tiny particles of "the musical life of this country" as it was lived two or three generations ago. The bad and the good grew together like the wheat and the tares, as they still do. And though in the modern home families may no longer gather round the piano for hymn-singing on Sunday evenings, hymns good and bad are still assiduously sung at school and musical taste fashioned thereby. What would be even more instructive would be a comparison of the out-and-out bad secular music of the present with the rubbish of a century ago. Can the ephemera of the dance-bands and music-halls be regarded as "part of the musical life of the country"? They occupy space enough and time

⁽⁴⁾ 'Mendelssohn and his Friends in Kensington: Letters from Fanny and Sophy Horsley'. Edited by Rosamund Brunel Gotch. (Oxford University Press, 1934.)
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enough in the ordinary man's experience. But perhaps their very ephemerality prevents them from making much mark, at any rate as compared with the vogue of these old books which, whatever their merits and demerits, did at any rate last and persist through the years. Let us hope so, and let us be glad that editorial standards in hymn-books are now higher even than those of the enlightened Horsley.

ANDRÉ GIDE ON MUSIC

BY G. JEAN-AUBRY

By the disturbance he has created in many minds, by the diversity, the charm and the quality of his work, by the mastery of style and of cadence that is all his own, André Gide occupies a pre-eminent place in the French literature of to-day. As the story-teller of 'La Porte étroite' and 'Isabelle', the critic of the 'Prétextes', the lyricist of 'Amyntas', he has affirmed by turns one of the richest and the most penetrating intellects. Even those who agree with him on almost no subject cannot deny him a rare artistic sensibility, nor a feeling for greatness; and it is precisely these particular aspects of his genius which appear—and which I intend to outline—in his approach to music.

It used not to be generally known that as far back as 1892 he had announced the publication, first of some 'Notes sur Schumann et Chopin' and then of 'Notes sur Chopin' alone. These, although he had worked at them at various times,⁽¹⁾ did not appear till long after, in the December 1931 number of the 'Revue musicale', and they are now to be found in the fifteenth volume of his complete works.⁽²⁾ His youthful enthusiasm for Chopin never weakened—on the contrary—but he gave up Schumann fairly soon, as is shown by the following passage in the 'Notes sur Chopin':

One may regard Schumann as an admirable musician: I confess, all the same, that my admiration for him has greatly diminished: he is too easily pleased: his inspiration, though undeniable, lacks mystery and surrenders itself all at once: he cannot turn it to account except by the most summary procedures: as soon as he tries to develop a notion, he tires it out and weakens it: his harmony is of a distressing banality, his modulations are sickening in their vulgarity. In short, is it not sad to have to confine the best of the love one has, after all, kept for him to the works of his youth, which are exquisite and captivating in their sincerity?

And a little later on he adds this decisive judgment: "Schumann is a poet, Chopin an artist, two quite different things."

⁽¹⁾ In 1916, for instance, as we know from his 'Journal'.

⁽²⁾ André Gide, 'Œuvres complètes', vol. XV., pp. 93-118. (Éditions de 'La Nouvelle Revue française', Paris, 1939).

One feels again and again that he would like to recapture the enthusiasm of his youth for the composer of the '*Études symphoniques*'; that he is tormented by regret at being no longer able to find what he had once found in his work and believed of enduring value. In 1928 he writes in his '*Journal*' :

I am going through Schumann's '*Novelettes*' again, which I treated rather unjustly. True, they are music almost totally devoid of art and have a kind of ingenuity that is a little haphazard, but allows a truly flashing inspiration and a very genuine fervour to be perceived. The quality of his soul is a little common; but it is nevertheless a charming soul, wide open to sympathy and perfect sincerity. Next to him Wagner has the air of a mountebank.

Schumann is the only composer about whom he shows some hesitation; the only one he can decide neither to reject nor to accept. Everything points to his having been the object of one of his earliest passions, to which his heart has remained attached while his taste and his reason tell him otherwise.

As for Chopin, it may be said that he has held André Gide's attention and yielded him material for study all his life. I know of no other writer who has devoted a greater affection, based on a more carefully informed understanding, to that master. It is to be wished that the '*Notes sur Chopin*' could be published separately and placed within the reach of performers, who for the most part daily distort the Polish composer's intentions at their own sweet will. No lecture could be more salutary.

Quoting, to begin with, the Abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino, who said of Chopin: "It is the purest music of all", Gide adds:

Surprising words; but they will be understood by all for whom Chopin's music is not (or at any rate not only) that profane and brilliant thing performers put before us at concerts. But the most astonishing thing about these words is that they came from a German, for there is not, it seems to me, any less Germanic music. . . . If I find in Chopin's work a Polish inspiration and fire, it gives me pleasure to see at the same time a French cut and fashion about its fundamental stuff. I go too far, though. Let us say that there is nothing French, properly speaking, about the composition of his tone-poems, but rather that continual visitations of the French spirit and French culture induced him to exaggerate precisely those qualities of the Slav genius which are the most anti-Germanic.

Gide's '*Notes*' justify their title: they do not make a detailed and complete study, but content themselves with fleetingly throwing vivid lights on the subject. Some of them are new and revealing

such as, among others, those that fall all too intermittently, in my opinion, but even so most illuminatingly on the analogies between Baudelaire and Chopin. These comparisons between writers and musicians are often a kind of entertaining game, only too easy as a rule and of little value. In this case, however, one can but regret that Gide did not more precisely outline what he could have taught us about similarities in two artists' care for perfection, in their aversion from rhetoric, declamation and purely oratorical developments, in their use of the devices of surprise and their constant fluctuations between romanticism and counter-romanticism. It would not be difficult to build up from his premisses a comparative study of the authors of 'Les Fleurs du mal' and the Preludes; the pity is only that he did not do so himself. But, once again, he confined himself to 'Notes'.

He is not content with remarks of a general æsthetic nature: more than once he faces the delicate problem of the authentic interpretation of Chopin's works (a problem so rarely considered by performers), which suffers less from the inability of players than from their ignorance of the composer's true nature and of his inmost soul; and he declares unsparingly that the case of Chopin, so far as performers are concerned, is exceptional:

Chopin is the more misunderstood the harder performers work to make him known. One may interpret Bach, Scarlatti, Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt or Fauré more or less well; their meaning is not warped by a certain small degree of clumsiness in representing them. Chopin alone, if his intentions are betrayed, can be profoundly, intimately, totally disfigured.

How right he is to stand up against that abominable virtuoso's habit of playing Chopin with a decisive assurance, as though he were Liszt:

I like this music of Chopin's, nearly always, to be delivered in an undertone, without any brilliance (I except, of course, certain energetic pieces, including most of the scherzos and polonaises) and without that insufferable assurance.

These 'Notes' on a musical subject by a literary man are far from being mere literature: they contain pertinent remarks on the G minor Ballade, on the first Prelude (the *agitato* direction of which, to his mind, by no means demands the frantic pace at which pianists usually take it), on the strangeness of the Preludes in D minor and A minor, on the Prelude in B minor, which is generally played too slowly, on the "gentle flow of a river" he discovers in the Preludes in G major and F major, although he

bewares and indeed expresses his distrust of pictorial and literary representations sought in music. He deplores the incomprehensible habit in pianists of "phrasing" Chopin, and particularly of playing him too quickly :

The performer who at last, for the first time, should *dare* (for it takes a certain amount of courage) to play Chopin's music at the pace that suits it—that is to say *much slower than usual*—would make his hearers really understand him for the first time, and that in a manner capable of plunging them into an ecstasy of feeling ; which is what Chopin deserves.

The lapse of time between the long-standing intention to publish the 'Notes' and the tardy realization of this plan would alone bear witness to the permanence of André Gide's musical predilections had not a more recent document brought us an even more undeniable testimony and shown us in the author of 'L'Immoraliste' one of the most music-loving writers who ever existed, one of those whose obsession with that art has taken on the least purely literary aspect, the most solidly founded technically, and the least imaginary, in the sense that relations between music and letters are usually conceived.

Almost without interruption Gide has kept a diary all his life : autobiography comes naturally to so self-questioning and restless a mind. Novels like 'La Porte étroite', 'L'Immoraliste' and 'La Symphonie pastorale' come near being fragments of a diary ; more than that, the 'Nourritures terrestres' are nothing less than a kind of lyric journal. Whatever the interest Gide may have taken in the outside world—and he has often enough shown how keen it can be—it has not been as strong as his interest in himself. In that respect, as in several others, he resembles Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and he shows himself even more anxious to indulge in confession. In the course of thirty years he has published, from time to time and between two works of fiction or criticism, 'journals' dating from various periods, and he has taken care lately to ensure their complete or rather collective publication.⁽¹⁾ They make a collection of some thirteen hundred pages spreading itself over fifty years, from 1889 to 1939. Musical allusions abound in it, for there are no less than about a hundred, and they are of exceptional quality. It will not be uninteresting to make, so to speak, a summary of them.

It is noticeable, first of all, that there are hardly any allusions to symphonic or operatic works, and almost none to orchestral

⁽¹⁾ André Gide, 'Journal, 1889-1939.' 'Bibliothèque de la Pléiade'. ('Nouvelle Revue française', Paris, 1939, 1 vol., pp. 1356, with index).

works of any sort: one has thus little reason to think that the author can ever, either in his youth or in his maturer years, have been an assiduous opera-goer or frequenter of concerts. We find at the most, in 1910, a reference to Carissimi's 'Jephtha', to two cantatas by Schütz and to the 'Figaro' overture; in 1921, a record of the unfavourable impression he received at the Opéra during the dress rehearsals of Berlioz's 'Les Troyens', which fifteen years earlier had delighted him, but which this time caused him to leave during the third act "sick with boredom"⁽⁴⁾; and a passing notice of a Bach concert in 1907—"an admirable Brandenburg Concerto". That is all. It is thus almost entirely piano music that forms the "musical subject" of this 'Journal', and the piano music played by the author himself. And one is soon struck by two characteristic aspects of his musical predilections: on the one hand the very small amount of nourishment he requires to satisfy this deep passion of his, and on the other the close association of music and of the piano as such with his moral preoccupations.

It must be said that in 1891 music makes its entry in this 'Journal' rather unimpressively, as indeed was to be expected of a young writer for whom it was as yet no more than a chance encounter: musical sensations that are still vague are only one of many phases of that outward world which it is the writer's task to endeavour to conjure up or to describe:

An impression worth noting (though I should remember it anyhow) is the sound of a piano in a locked-up house. You open the shutters: the noises reprecuss. The smell—the smell especially—of cretonne and the droppings of mice. And then the false notes of the piano: a puny and quavering sound: for the playing of Bach it is perfect.⁽⁵⁾

This is no more as yet than one of those superficial jottings of the kind one might come across in the note-books of even not very musical writers. Its counterpart appeared not much later in 'Paludes', where, in order to add to the delineation of Angèle's ingenuousness, he says: "She played a sonata by Mozart on a newly-tuned piano". One could not deduce an informed musical taste from this. All the same, from that time on Gide begins to show his likings and his eagerness as a player: "Played Schumann and Chopin to Pierre Louÿs; played until the evening". But this is the moment when his mind, tortured by scruples, obsessed by uncertain religious feelings and harried by conflicting aspirations, applied itself, as he says, to "making thoughts of joy its

⁽⁴⁾ 'Journal,' p. 695.

⁽⁵⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 19.

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constant concern." Yet that in itself seems to prove that the nature of this mind was not essentially joyous. It is thus found to seek a refuge against itself in Mozart :

The joy of Mozart : a joy one feels to be enduring : Schumann's joy is febrile, and one feels that it comes between two sobs. Mozart's joy is all serenity : and the phrases of his music are like quiet thoughts, his simplicity is all purity : it is a crystalline thing : all the emotions play their part in it, but they do so as though already in some heavenly transformation. "Moderation means being capable of sharing the emotion of angels", said Joubert. We must think of Mozart to understand this truly.⁽⁶⁾

At that time, which coincides with his very first literary essays (between 1896 and 1902), André Gide is seen to be responsive to all kinds of music, and the most elementary is not that which attracts him least. Visits to Capri, and afterwards to Algeria and Tunisia, put him into touch with Oriental modes, in which he found a delectable savour, and with Negro music, which communicated to him a kind of enthusiasm that yields us, on the occasion of a popular festivity at Biskra, a lyrical page that would not have been out of place in the 'Nourritures terrestres', which date from about the same time and contain another, slightly later description recalling the following fervent passage :

I remember it was at the Albaicin, nearly twenty years ago (and nothing since, not even the songs of Egypt, has been able to touch a more secret place in my heart) that one night, in the vast hall of an inn, a gypsy lad sang : there was a chorus of veiled male and female voices, followed by sudden pauses, cutting into that breathless, excessively doleful song, where one felt as if his soul were expiring at each failure of his breath. It was like a first sketch for Chopin's fourth Ballade : but it remained as though on the margin of music : not Spanish but irreducibly gypsy. To hear that song again, ah ! I would have crossed three Spains.⁽⁷⁾

This first part of his literary life, round about 1905, shows in André Gide the musician some signs of a curiosity that does not seem to have survived. It was the time when the writer, through the intermediary of several painters, found himself in frequent contact with the group of "La Libre Esthétique", which belonged partly to Brussels. The life and soul of this group, which devoted itself to the praise and defence of the most original new painting, literature and music, was a Brussels lawyer, Octave Maus, who divided his time and his ardent efforts between Belgium and Paris,

⁽⁶⁾ 'Journal', p. 44.

⁽⁷⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 293 (1910).

working in both places by turns on behalf of the objects of his well-informed enthusiasm. He was an excellent musician, and although impartial in his tastes, had a natural sympathy for the followers of the "Schola Cantorum", which was strongly impregnated with the influence of César Franck. We thus find in André Gide's 'Journal' these notes, which were never followed up: "I play César Franck" and "I sight-read the Sonata by Albéric Magnard." Elsewhere he says that he went to hear the first act of Gluck's 'Alceste' at a concert given by the "Schola Cantorum" and was disappointed by the performance, the absence of a stage representation having ruined the admirable balance of symphony, song and drama in this work.

In 1906 we find this brief note: "I am perfecting some pieces by Debussy." They must have been the 'Estampes' or the 'Images'; but the 'Journal' gives us no precise indication. One may well, by the way, be surprised at the absence of more frequent references to the composer of 'Pelléas et Mélisande', who had for several years belonged to the same circle of young artists that counted Pierre Louys, already mentioned as an intimate friend of André Gide's, among its foremost members. One might have expected to find in the entries for 1902 some echo of the first performance, or one of the first, of 'Pelléas'; but there is none. Gide must, however, certainly have heard people talk about Debussy and even been in a position to know some of his works long before the composer's reputation began to spread, even in a limited way. This is one proof among others that the 'Journal', in spite of its extent, is a long way from giving us a complete account of the "musical circumstances" in the writer's life.⁽¹⁾

From the fact that he "perfected", as he says, some pieces by Debussy we may deduce that André Gide was by no means hostile to the manifestations of contemporary music: we shall see, for instance, how high a place he accords to Gabriel Fauré and to Albeniz. But it could not be said that this argues any particular enthusiasm for innovation on his part: he set a limit to his predilections very early and preferred to deepen them rather than to enlarge their field.

What is certain is that Gide stood apart from the artistic circles of his time in his attitude towards Wagner. He made his entry into the literary world at a moment when it was, at any rate as

⁽¹⁾ The 'Journal', in spite of a sometimes extreme frankness, gives the impression of having undergone drastic cuts here and there; but some important facts, on the other hand, never seem to have had a place in it. As an example I may cite the journey to England in 1911 or 1912 on a visit to Joseph Conrad, for whom he showed the most affectionate and useful admiration; a visit that is not so much as mentioned.

far as its younger and more wide-awake members were concerned, strongly imbued with Wagnerism. Not long before Édouard Dujardin had founded the 'Revue Wagnérienne'; the first performances of 'Lohengrin' had given rise to brawls; and Mallarmé, the central figure of the circle to which Gide belonged, had celebrated the composer of the 'Ring' in his 'Richard Wagner, rêverie d'un poète français'. Wagner offered endless pretexts for literary exercise. But see how André Gide replied to the inquiry launched by the 'Berliner Tageblatt' on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Wagner's death, and how, not content with having done so, he reproduced his answer in his 'Journal' many years later :

I abhor Wagner's personality : my passionate aversion has only grown since I was a child. His marvels do not so much exalt as crush us. He has made it possible for countless snobs, literary men and idiots to think that they were fond of music, and for some artists to believe that genius could be acquired. Germany has perhaps never produced anything at once so great and so barbarous.

No, opera and even symphonic music does not touch his heart : he asks of music a more discreet and more intimate companionship. He loves piano music for its confidential nature, its means of delicate communication, and not as a kind of tamed thunder at the disposal of virtuosos. He does not take music to be the translation of universal or at least general emotion which we are bound to share with others, but as a sort of confession or revelation of oneself that awakens in him a shyness and restraint he does not show to the same degree in his writings. More than once, even at times when he is most sure of his technique, he notes the discomfort that immediately overcomes him when he is obliged to play the piano to anybody, be he never so sure of a piece into whose intimacy he has most deeply penetrated.

Yet he pursued his piano studies unremittingly for forty years, without any ambition beyond his own satisfaction. The 'Journal' is studded with remarks like the following :

Much at the piano : five to six hours.⁽⁹⁾—I have again started to practice the piano for two hours a day.⁽¹⁰⁾—I have taken up the piano again for my health, but without any system.⁽¹¹⁾—If I fail to practice the piano for a few days, the finest page of music finds me without a desire to play it. With the agility of my fingers that desire returns. Importance of the instrument : if it is good, you find in yourself some new ingenuity in its use.⁽¹²⁾—Good piano practice : I dare to tackle Beethoven again after having well

⁽⁹⁾ 'Journal', 1902. ⁽¹⁰⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 170 (1905). ⁽¹¹⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 196 (1906). ⁽¹²⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 239 (1907).

managed Chopin's 'Barcarolle' and the Nocturne [in G] in thirds and sixths.⁽¹³⁾—Good practice. First and third Ballades by Chopin, which I begin to play *to my own liking*: as I think they ought to be played.⁽¹⁴⁾

Whenever the demands of his work or those of travel keep him away from the practice of his instrument, he feels the deprivation and suffers from it; he is sometimes obliged even to fight against the temptation to leave his work and yield to the lure of music:

I cannot find a moment for the piano, alas!⁽¹⁵⁾—Piano practice, which I have overdone, has considerably distracted me from my work. I have been so long deprived of music! And I feel that at the moment I do not know how to practice.⁽¹⁶⁾—One must allow oneself to give the best time of the day to what is most worthy of it. The piano ought to serve me only as relaxation from my work. The best hour is the first, but the difficulty is to protect it.⁽¹⁷⁾

Just as he is finishing these very lines, a large parcel is brought to him, full of music he has ordered, and to resist the temptation to examine it immediately, "I clutch hold of the table", he says.

Years pass without this passion being appeased, this need stilled:

Daily practice of the piano, until I can no more; six or seven hours a day.⁽¹⁸⁾—Taken up the piano again, after leaving it for months.⁽¹⁹⁾—Yes, I know that after a few hours of practice I can still manage to satisfy myself, and even to be charmed as I rarely am at a concert. But if I leave it for a while, even for a couple of days, I am more handicapped than a beginner, and that more severely year by year. And if only I could take pleasure in playing new music at sight; but no: to master a piece with transient perfection (which I never do without learning it by heart), that is what I pass my time in doing at the piano.⁽²⁰⁾—Able to give four or five hours to the piano these last days: perfected (and really brought to perfection) several *Études* and *Preludes*.⁽²¹⁾—I return to piano practice as to an opiate that calms the turbulence of my thoughts and appeases my restless will.⁽²²⁾

Between his piano practice *for his health* in 1906 and that considered *as an opiate* in 1931 a quarter of a century had elapsed, bringing many changes into the writer's life and work, transformations and facings round perhaps more apparent than real, as well as some lassitude or at least satiety; but the piano remained an immutable value in that career, as only a thing that is not merely a pure pleasure can do, a thing which, partaking of disinterested

⁽¹³⁾ 'Journal', p. 297 (1910). ⁽¹⁴⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 239 (1911).

⁽¹⁵⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 393. ⁽¹⁶⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 417 (1914). ⁽¹⁷⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 418.

⁽¹⁸⁾ *Ibid.*, 1926. ⁽¹⁹⁾ *Ibid.*, July 31st 1928. ⁽²⁰⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 887 (1928). ⁽²¹⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 958 (1929). ⁽²²⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 1023 (1931).

joy, also deeply affects the satisfaction of conscience. Remedy, discipline or opiate, the piano has not only soothed the author's unquiet agitation of mind, but remained the object of a constancy in which he was deficient in almost every other respect and imposed, by rigid and exacting practice, a discipline on an intellect that has not ceased to preach both fervour and detachment.

This part played by the piano in the life, and necessarily also in the thought, of a writer is singularly exceptional. It would have been worth pointing out for its own sake, even if André Gide's musical opinions did not deserve attention as such. That part is much more important than amateur pianists will as a rule allow it to be: it is here utterly purged of any of those satisfactions of vanity, great or small, avowed or secret, which they are usually in the habit of expecting from it.

Yet while the strength of his attachment is remarkable, the small number of the influences on which it rests is no less so. Only a few composers have long and constantly held his attention and his affection: Bach, Beethoven, Albeniz and above all Chopin.

For Bach it seems that his taste and his desire to cultivate him grew stronger with the greater artistic discipline that comes with advancing age. It is in the final portions of the 'Journal' that we find the most illuminating notes on the subject of John Sebastian. In 1929 he writes:

I am memorizing three new 'Well-tempered Clavier' fugues (Book I) at once: C major, E flat major and A major, and perfecting those I already know. Those in C major and in B flat do not show all their lustre unless they are played with the most exquisite delicacy and a perfect differentiation and independence of the parts.⁽¹⁸⁰⁾

It is to Bach that he resorts when an excess of work or changes of place make his practice of the instrument more difficult. "I am so anxious not to give up piano practice (C minor and A major fugues from the 'Clavier')." But Bach's work alone never sufficed that restless soul of his. It never contented him enough, or rather he derived a contentment from it he was not willing to allow to be sufficient; and remembering in his old age his lessons on the 'Well-tempered Clavier', he writes these curious lines:

I have learnt much from it; it gave me more than a certain happy balance, more than a kind of seraphic contentment comparable to the serenity sought by the Christian, and which I find in prayer; but I found myself too ready to *take refuge* in it. The

⁽¹⁸⁰⁾ 'Journal', p. 919.

perfection it offered me (a perfection where pure mathematics become quivering and smiling ; the incarnation of necessity) was *too satisfying* and dissuaded me from effort. . . .⁽¹⁹⁴⁾

Even in the last stages of life his mind, ever hungry for knowledge and feeling rebels against repose and holds serenity at bay ; but at the same time he is not to be satisfied either by transports of passion and the oratorical expression they entail, and if he refuses to surrender to the gentleness and the comfort of Bach, he admits the pathos of Beethoven even less. Not that, needless to say, he fails to recognize that master's genius : he appreciates "Beethoven's ample phrase" as well as another, and better :

Beethoven's ample phrase. What an absurd habit I had fallen into of letting its breath fail half-way. It must be swelled by one single *inspiration* from one end to the other. And it is only a fortnight since I convinced myself of it (I should even say since I noticed it) and began to work at curing myself of the trick of shading a phrase in the middle. An important step forward.⁽¹⁹⁵⁾

He seems to have a preference for Beethoven where he is gracious rather than powerful :

Looked over the whole first volume of Beethoven's sonatas again. I do not know why people pretend to under-rate the early ones ; some of them have an irresistible rush, a novelty and a truth of accent that disposes of all objections. But I have a horror of pathos and of repetitions.⁽¹⁹⁶⁾

Even in the symphonies he takes most to a certain Beethovenian placidity, and it is in their arrangements for the piano that he likes to study them and to hear them. At an interval of ten years he finds the same satisfaction in the same passages :

1916.—Began to study Beethoven's symphonies, arranged by Liszt : a real discovery : and more particularly the first movement and the minuet of that in F major, which seem to me to be of an extreme interest, novelty of difficulty and beauty.⁽¹⁹⁷⁾

October 13th 1927.—I am leaving Bach and Chopin, or at least their exclusive study, for a time, and am taking up again with the greatest profit the minuet of the Symphony in F major (Beethoven-Liszt). Smiling and tender serenity ; balance in forcefulness ; self-possession ; perfection.⁽¹⁹⁸⁾

But satisfaction does not meet all his desire if it does not entail some effort and constraint ; the exercise of health and discipline

⁽¹⁹⁴⁾ 'Journal', p. 1197 (1934).

⁽¹⁹⁵⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 380.

⁽¹⁹⁶⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 624 (1917).

⁽¹⁹⁷⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 584. ⁽¹⁹⁸⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 853.

he demands of the piano he sometimes asks of Beethoven's works as well :

I am learning the wearisome little Sonata in F (in minuet-form) by Beethoven, for the sake of mortification, and its finale in the form of a taccata.⁽²⁹⁾

His admiration here is hardly ever free from reservations : he is apt to reproach Beethoven with being rhetorical and redundant ; and after having for some time lived in daily touch with works by that master, he soon feels himself possessed of a new tenderness for Bach. The severity and the noble resignation of that admirable master touch him more profoundly than the Promethean rebellions of the composer of 'Fidelio' :

Looked at and studied again the 'Pathetic Sonata,' a certain passage in which obsessed me almost throughout my whole journey. On a good piano I could now play it in a way to satisfy me, but Beethoven's pathos moves me much less to-day than Bach's contemplative adoration.⁽³⁰⁾—I have been going back to the piano ; was surprised to play Beethoven's sonatas so easily now, at any rate those I had once worked so hard at and then left alone. But their pathos exhausts me and no longer satisfies me to-day ; it is Bach, and perhaps particularly his 'Kunst der Fuge', I never get tired of. It is almost devoid of humanity, and it no longer awakens feeling or passion, but adoration. What calm ! What acceptance of all that is superior to mankind ! What disdain of the flesh ! What peace !

And six days later :

Every evening, for half an hour, I plunge anew into the 'Kunst der Fuge'. Nothing of what I said about it the other day now seems to me very just any longer. No, we often cease to feel either serenity or beauty here, but torment of mind and a wish to curb those forms, which are as rigorous as laws and inhumanely unbending. It is a triumph of the mind over figures ; and, before the triumph, a fight. And, while it all submits to constraint, it is yet all that one can desire, over and above that constraint, in spite of it, or indeed *because of it*, of emotional play, of tenderness and, when all is said, of harmony.⁽³¹⁾

Yet for all this admiration of Bach, he does not hold the sovereign mastery of Gide's mind or feeling : for all the clear summits to which the 'Art of Fugue' transports him, for all the satisfaction his sensibility and his intelligence find there, Bach is not for him the musician of musicians. Neither is Mozart, though

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he may find lasting delight in him and in his concertos ; nor Schubert, for all that he mentions in a note-book the pleasure he takes in the " exquisite " ' Barcarolle ' ⁽³²⁾ ; nor yet, among more recent masters, Gabriel Fauré, whose ' Nocturnes ' and ' Barcarolles ' he goes through again with a sense of enchantment ; nor Albeniz, various pieces from whose ' Iberia ' he particularly liked, and that during a period of six or seven years :

I am studying three or four pieces by Albeniz at once, and studying nothing else ; their difficulties are so peculiar that one needs first of all a kind of general acclimatizing before each can be tackled in detail. What is more, I have been unable to master anything without at the same time learning it by heart, and the strangeness of these harmonies seems to defy memory. However, I have already succeeded in keeping a few pages in my head. ⁽³³⁾

September 25th 1915.—I have again taken to the piano a little, where I pursue the study of pieces by Albeniz. I know three entirely from memory and more than half of a fourth one. ⁽³⁴⁾

Do what he will to study Granados carefully, to learn the ' Variations sur un thème de Rameau ' by Paul Dukas by heart, to take up César Franck's ' Prélude, Choral et Fugue ' again—all of which proves a certain variety of taste and technique : there is but one composer of whom he never tires, whom he can never exhaust, whose work always contents the music-lover and the performer in him, who ever suggests new ideas and fresh emotions to him—Chopin. He returns to that master untiringly ; a whole lifetime of the most diverse interests, of meditations, work and travels, passed without in the least impairing this clairvoyant affection, this knowledge the constant deepening of which only redoubled his tender attachment.

Among the countless passages devoted to Chopin which succeed each other in the ' Journal ' let us choose those that show his predilection and his scrupulous attention from different points of view :

Having heard Mlle X. carry out a number of pieces by Chabrier and Debussy (especially the ' Études ') with an extraordinary assurance, with charm and to perfection, and some (these very indifferently) by Chopin, I have been discouraged, and dared not reopen the piano for twelve days. Is it surprising, after this, that I do not like pianists ? All the pleasure they give me is as nothing compared with that which I find in playing myself ; but on hearing them I grow ashamed of my playing—and certainly quite wrongly. . . . I hate virtuosity, yet it always impresses me and I should

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⁽³³⁾ ' Journal ', p. 420 (1914). ⁽³⁴⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 506.

he demands of the piano he sometimes asks of Beethoven's works as well :

I am learning the wearisome little Sonata in F (in minuet-form) by Beethoven, for the sake of mortification, and its finale in the form of a taccata.⁽²⁰⁾

His admiration here is hardly ever free from reservations : he is apt to reproach Beethoven with being rhetorical and redundant ; and after having for some time lived in daily touch with works by that master, he soon feels himself possessed of a new tenderness for Bach. The severity and the noble resignation of that admirable master touch him more profoundly than the Promethean rebellions of the composer of 'Fidelio' :

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A virtuoso has just mutilated Chopin's seventeenth Prelude. Can it really be that some people swoon over this kind of thing ? I see nothing but an almost hideous vulgarity and a silly affectation of sentimentality in it. Why accelerate the regular motion in the middle of each bar ? Do they not see that this false agitation sets all the charming mystery of the piece at naught ? Why not let the tune lift and detach itself from the accompaniment ? Why reduce those notes which should be the melody's companions to the rank of supernumeraries and let the tune shine by extinguishing all the fire round it, as though an audience of idiots were in danger of not distinguishing it sufficiently ? I abhor this melody-in-isolation and feel it to be utterly contrary to Chopin's intentions. Although I except a few *cantabile* melodies in the manner of Bellini, I maintain that from top to bottom of the keyboard everything should be perfectly homogeneous, so that the melodic parts remain profoundly enwrapped in the friendly atmosphere created by the other voices, which constantly conjure up a quivering, immaterial landscape. ⁽⁹⁶⁾

Montesquieu speaks of a slow thickening of sap, which coagulates progressively and becomes opaque, until it quite naturally turns into a twig from which new foliation springs.

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Others, and a great many of them, play and will play Bach as well as and even better than I. It does not take so much cunning. But Chopin is another matter. That needs a particular understanding which I do not see how a musician can possess unless he is above all an artist. I know quite well what I mean by this. I do not go so far as to affirm that sense of the fantastic which links him to Baudelaire. . . . They do not know how to play him. They falsify the intonation of his voice. They fling themselves upon one of Chopin's poems like people who feel sure of what they are about from the first. What they need is doubt, surprise,

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André Gide was right, nearly thirty years ago, when he replied to a request that he should publish his 'Notes sur Chopin' that this would take a lifetime. Those he allowed to be published in 1931 did not satisfy him, and after that date we may find many profitable additions to them in the 'Journal'. The very last year of that diary, 1939, opens with two long entries on Chopin which are more precise, more developed, more profound and more tender than any of the others. It is as though with the passing of years a more feverish and yet more controlled desire had grown in him to say the last word on Chopin, to defend once again a man's work he had suffered from hearing disfigured and falsified all his life. Two extracts only can be quoted:

Have you thought of bringing out (but then, have you even noticed?) the repeated weak beatings of the third at the crest of the accompaniment in the D flat major Nocturne (Op. 27)? Have you noticed that they fall exactly on the same off-beat as the double strokes on the dominant in the slow section (in the major) of the B minor Scherzo, which is so much in the character of the *Nocturnes* too, and so ecstatically beautiful? See that it is like that drop of crystal the tree-frog (or perhaps the toad) lets fall into the heart of the purest of summer nights. Did Chopin himself think of this? . . . In any case Paderewski did when he played this piece. The whole landscape was conditioned by that crystalline note, which is at once detached from and blended in with it all.⁽³⁸⁾

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Caring no longer for consonances and harmony, whither is music tending? Towards a kind of barbarity. Sound itself, so slowly and so exquisitely differentiated from noise, returns to it. At first only lords and titled people are allowed to appear upon the scene; then the middle classes, and lastly the rabble. Once crowded in that manner, the stage becomes indistinguishable from the street. But what is to be done? What folly to try opposing oneself to this fatal onward-march! In modern music the consonant intervals of the past have an effect of *bygones* on us.

However, without trying to determine how far André Gide's musical occupations and preoccupations may have influenced the nature of his style and those resources of cadence which have long been his own secret, we could not help thinking it strange if music had been rigorously kept out of so personal and diverse a literary output. Music, which for him is not simply a more or less agreeable noise, nor a completely mysterious art, but one whose nature and vocabulary he knows, sometimes offers him comparisons and even allegories, such as this on the relativity of criticism:

A judgment which recalls that of musical notes in their relationship: when the E flat made its entry into the drawing-room, the C and the G considered it a third person.

"It is a dominant", thought the B flat; while the E natural declared: "I recognize it; it is my leading note!"

Elsewhere we find this:

Modulations.—Do not ask me how, by means of what abrupt jump or what unforeseen modulation, we passed from the region of F sharp into that of F natural. It seemed to us all at once as though all nature were becoming humanized, losing in its excess of lustre that kind of vibrant sharpness of greenery which at one and the same time charmed us and kept us apart from it. F natural, I repeated to myself; and nothing could be more natural than this key of F! The landscape became tempered. It was good to live in. Already my thoughts were becoming acclimatized to it; I meditated and loved at ease in it, when suddenly, inescapably, the E flat, like the stroke of an enchanted wand, like a keen ray falling from a rend in the sky, like the unexpected return of a friend, surprisingly and gently turned our joy into greater tenderness and pity. We were entering B flat major.⁽⁴⁰⁾

We have seen that the practice of the piano has been for André Gide a means of controlling his sensibility and his judgment; and a passion so profound, so long guided and entertained, is not to be saved from disquietude and uncertainty, or indeed from discouragement. If the piano has often been for Gide a refuge from

⁽⁴⁰⁾ 'Journal': 'Feuilles', p. 812.

the agonies of literary creation, a stay against deviations and driftings of the imagination, there comes a time, too, when such an artist may still grow in knowledge, but no longer in technique, when he is still capable of better understanding, but no longer of better interpretation of what has been slowly acquired through the emotion exuded or discreetly suggested by a musical work. So scrupulous a mind as Gide's cannot have failed to know and to mark such moments. It is a good fourteen years since he wrote thus :

Is it because I have become more exacting ? I feel myself, as far as the piano is concerned, a longer way from my goal than I did some years ago. I believe it is here that the process of ageing makes itself felt most ; my gift of sympathy decreases and I am less inclined to make the feelings of the musician I interpret my own : which is a very involved way of saying that I play less well.⁽⁴¹⁾

This was but a passing doubt, however, for the 'Journal' witnesses that nearly fifty years have passed without the writer's having ceased to demand of the piano the appeasement of his troubles, the consolidation of his plans and the reassurance of his convictions. Still, an hour must come when even the bravest soul must think about taking leave of this world and its favours. Gide, in his 'Journal', does not take this too hard, but for him one of the sweetest favours of that life seems without a doubt to have been music, as he confesses, at once poignantly and discreetly, in this very recent note⁽⁴²⁾ :

When I think of that farewell I have said to music,
à peu que le cœur me fend,
and it does not seem as though death could now rob me of anything
I have cared for more.

⁽⁴¹⁾ 'Journal', p. 863 (1927).

⁽⁴²⁾ *Ibid.*, p. 1829 (January 7th 1939).

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

Beethoven. By A. E. F. Dickinson. (Discussion Books, No. 70.) pp. 256. (Nelson, London, 1941.) 2s. 6d.

"This book", says the author, "aims at developing stray hearings into a more comprehensive and searching view of Beethoven's varied output". The main problem in achieving that aim is obviously one of method. The view is to be both comprehensive and searching; from what point is the author to take it? And how, in particular, is he going to survey even the important part of Beethoven's output in a book of only 250 pages? "It will be convenient to consider each kind of music—piano, orchestral &c.—in turn", he replies. "Each genre presents, roughly, a different side of the composer, and a single chronological survey would involve an awkward cross-section at every stage". But this is really only a re-statement of the problem in different terms; it still remains to be determined how completeness is to be reconciled with thoroughness in such a small space. The alternatives are, it would seem, to stand well back, see each segment of the view as a whole, and draw attention to general features and specially important details; or to go up close to the subject, passing rapidly from detail to detail, missing none, and trying to say something incisive and cogent about each.

Mr. Dickinson has chosen the latter course—and most of the defects in a very conscientious and stimulating piece of work are due to that choice. For one thing it has obliged Mr. Dickinson to pack his sentences with more adjectives and adverbs than any sentence will bear, to compress and to run on, until his pages are full of such clots as: "The usual formal review provides intellectual relaxation before final exhaustive manœuvres consolidate with rather heavy feet a more salient point of achievement". And Mr. Dickinson adds obscurities of thought to obscurities of style. What, for instance, does he mean by Beethoven's "many tense missionary gestures, including a boisterous 'humour' "? He has his defence ready: "The praise of simplicity usually comes from lazy minds. Ease of communication need not carry any æsthetic value; it concerns the time of response, a matter principally of social development". And there is some truth in that. (The author is talking about Beethoven's melody, but he doubtless considers it equally applicable to his own criticism.) He emphasizes that "there is no short cut . . . to the full personal experience of music", which is also true. But if the reader—and this book is apparently addressed to the New Listening Public—is prepared to expend plenty of time and mental effort in getting to grips with Beethoven, even if he is prepared to devote quite a lot to the authority who offers to help him, he has a right to ask that the authority shall not add unnecessary difficulties by not expressing himself clearly. No one will accuse Mr. Dickinson of possessing a lazy mind, but he is to

be suspected of possessing a rather insulated one ; its workings are no doubt perfectly clear to himself and it may not have occurred to him that they are less clear to others.

But an insulated mind has positive qualities as well as defects. Mr. Dickinson has the root of the matter in him : he is a good musician, and the fact that his judgments are well based on experience and uncoloured by what So-and-so said gives them freshness and force. Hence his book has two very considerable merits : it discusses Beethoven in terms of music and not in terms of inessentials, and its thought is always original. Here and there, it is true, judicious use of the fruits of others' scholarship would not have detracted from the value of the author's own remarks. For instance, he says of the piano Sonata Op. 2 No. 1 that " the arpeggio of the first subject had occurred to Beethoven in a piano 'sinfonia' in C minor he had sketched without finishing as far back as 1784. Meanwhile Mozart had used it in his G minor Symphony. Beethoven recovered it in his fifth Symphony ". He does add that " in this matter of melodic commonplaces *autres temps, autres mœurs* ", but he forgets to tell the reader why those rising-arpeggio themes were commonplaces—that the Mannheimers had made them so. The naïve listener to either Mozart or Beethoven would hardly be struck by the commonplaceness of what is, after all, in each case only half an idea.

Mr. Dickinson is at his best in dealing with " the full personal experience of music ". " Appreciation ", he says, " depends partly on concentrated listening to a piece of music as a whole and partly on fixing the attention at first on salient features from the complete assimilation of which the whole gradually builds itself up as an orderly and stirring memory. There is no short cut in this matter. The listener must at his own pace make Beethoven's thoughts his own. Playing the music on the piano is helpful, and is the best way to realize the harmony accurately, but this is not so essential as to feel the particular pulse of the music in one's lips, hands and feet ". Sensible, too, is the advice on following performances with a score : " the sight of the music is both an invaluable prompter to the ear and a continual check on careless hearing ". G. A.

Beethoven's Last Quartets. By Roger Fiske. (' Musical Pilgrim ' series.) pp. 77. (Oxford University Press, 1940) 2s.

A good book on Beethoven's late quartets would be very desirable, but unfortunately we have not such a book here. In the first place Mr. Fiske has an ungainly way of expressing himself in English, besides a curious way of arguing. He says that " once Beethoven had returned to quartet writing he could not stop ", though apparently he did stop, for we are told on the next page that before his death " the string quartet period was over ", and that he had in mind " an overture, another symphony and an opera ".

Elsewhere Mr. Fiske speaks of Beethoven in familiar terms as being " too hard-up to argue ", and after announcing that the epithets " classical " and " romantic " are in some disrepute, proceeds to coin the very ugly word " classicalism ". Clumsiness of this sort does not prejudice one in Mr. Fiske's favour, particularly as he has chosen a subject requiring a penetrating mind and a sense of the greatness of the works he is considering, qualities which he hardly possesses. Sometimes,

in fact, his remarks are particularly inept. In the opening paragraph he says :

Isolated from the world of his fellow-men by deafness, he wrote for his own spiritual satisfaction without considering the limited powers of contemporary appreciation. Many composers to-day are similarly inconsiderate, but in Beethoven's time this attitude was without parallel and seemed wholly perverse. No one saw the significance of his break with tradition because no one saw the slightest necessity for it. But by the end of the century most good composers had come to realize that the classical conventions needed drastic revision if music were to remain vital, and perhaps only then did it become possible to appreciate in full the revolution that Beethoven had organized on his own account some eighty years before the normal trend of his art demanded it.

The idea that a composer may be inconsiderate through ignoring the limited powers of his audience suggests that Mr. Fiske is confusing the mentality of an artist with that of a conceited schoolmaster. And to maintain that Beethoven in his last quartets was inconsiderate is puerile. On the contrary, he was intensely considerate in the widest philosophical interpretation of the word. Nor is there any sense in the contention that at the end of the nineteenth century "good" composers had perceived the shortcomings of classical conventions, the implication here being that a composer's merit depends on the degree to which he might subscribe to revolutionary ideas.

"A break of some sort would have come even if Beethoven had lived a normal life", says Mr. Fiske. What can that possibly mean? Only that our author has the most meagre conception of the principles of historical evolution. As a conclusion to the introductory section we come upon these queer reflections :

Many movements in symphonic music have two or three tunes that no one can miss. Between them come passages that the casual listener regards as of no great importance ; they are merely filling in time. He knows the composer will make it quite clear when one of the tunes is to return, and when it does he perks up and enjoys recognizing it. It is no use listening to Beethoven's last quartets like this.

And, we are sorry to say, it is of no use writing about them like this either.

E. L.

Beethoven. By W. McNaught. pp. 28. 7d.

Wagner. By Ernest Newman. pp. 30. 1s. 2d. (Novello's Biographies of Great Musicians.) (Novello, London, 1941.)

This series of biographical pamphlets, still astonishingly cheap although the price has been raised, continues more than adequately well. Two very conspicuous omissions have now been made good, and when a Schumann and a Verdi have been added, it may be regarded as reasonably complete within certain limits. One hopes, though, that it may expand far beyond these, since small biographies of this kind on some of the less conspicuous composers would be particularly useful. Meanwhile, here are two little masterpieces of literary compression which not only give us all that may be expected within the small framework allowed for by the series, but stimulate thought and study far beyond its confines.

Both authors were confronted with the task of condensing tales full of tempting detail. Mr. Newman's was the more difficult by so much as the story of Wagner's life is longer and more crowded with varied incidents ; but Mr. McNaught made his the harder by larding his text

with some general observations of considerable interest. Not that one always agrees with him. The notion he seeks to establish at the beginning of Beethoven as a fine character "distorted" by a "thwarted existence" will not quite square with his later insistence on the master's "sterling quality as a man" (p. 10) and his just representation of him as a "tragic victor" (p. 15). Also, it is surely not quite true that the eighteenth century invariably meant enslavement of the musician by patronage and and the nineteenth freedom from it. English and French musicians in particular were often their own masters even before the French Revolution, and neither Liszt at Weimar nor Wagner at Dresden could do what he liked. But such incidental disagreement makes the reading of Mr. McNaught's booklet more interesting, not less, and the author often compels the reader to elaborate a point merely by making a good but possibly disputable one himself. When he says, for instance, that Beethoven, "being well grounded for the career of an operatic composer", did "not at once drift in that direction" because of his "self-determination and tenacity", one is at liberty to wonder whether in these early days he was not just as anxious as he always was later on to write for the stage, but had already begun to suffer from that chronic dissatisfaction with operatic subjects and librettos that worried him all through his later life.

Mr. McNaught has a good deal to say, too, which one has no mind to dispute and would be only too glad to have thought of oneself. The point that scarcely a single work of Beethoven's written before the age of thirty is of the first importance compels attention, and so does the remark that it was as a virtuoso, not as a composer, that he first attracted notice—as Bach did all his life, Mr. McNaught might have added. From this we are led naturally to the conclusion that Beethoven's improvisations must have anticipated the more "daring, pungent idioms and romantic flights" of his later works—that in fact he matured earlier as a player than as a composer.

The narrative is not kept in strictly chronological order, wisely in the case of Beethoven, who was affected by certain circumstances throughout various phases of his life. Admirable short chapters on 'Beethoven at the Piano', 'His Deafness', 'Nephew Karl', 'Beethoven and Women', and so on, throw a searching light on different matters that greatly affected the composer's life. And his music, how much? The old question arises again, and even Mr. McNaught cannot answer it conclusively; but at least he is the sort of writer to make us feel that if he cannot nobody else ever will.

It was by telling a tale less adorned with suggestions of his own that Mr. Newman made his task comparatively easier; but his peculiar difficulty was, of course, to give a reasonably complete account of Wagner's crowded life within the small space at his disposal. This is done with an assured mastery apt to induce even those for whom the fuliginous story has become intolerably staled to read the pamphlet through from start to finish without a stop. Many incidents, such as the early conductor's engagements, are swiftly summarized and a good deal of unexpected and up-to-date information is usefully tucked away in footnotes. (But is it really conceivable that Mrs. Burrell, on the strength of a very slight acquaintance, could have been so tactless as to tell Natalie

Planer, who had gone through a long life believing herself to be Minna Wagner's sister, that she was her illegitimate daughter?)

More than once Mr. Newman had obviously to exercise positively heroic feats of self-control, as when he dismisses the Mathilde Wesendonk affair in a single sentence. Yet so great is his skill that one cannot help feeling this reference to be sufficient for the present purpose, and his description of Mathilde as "rather colourless" does not merely serve as an excuse for his brevity, but implies a justification and a conception of this singular love story as a mere incident.

One cannot help wishing that Mr. Newman had refrained from using the German term "general bass" for "thorough-bass" and that he would not say "epoch" for a period of time of no particular significance in the way French writers do. On the other hand he writes on the whole a beautifully flowing prose and can get a whole chapter of history into a pithy sentence: e.g. "The traditional opera-house technique of bland promises and nullifying delays was practised on him to perfection."

For speculation about Wagner's art Mr. Newman finds no room, naturally enough, and he thus contents himself with holding it up to the reader's view at the composer's own valuation, without irony or criticism that might have either driven the reader into opposition to Wagner or into blind adulation. We hear something of the Wagnerian "reform" of opera without being told that it was not all Wagner's doing and proved incapable of suiting other composers; but we do get a hint (p. 12) that Wagner's deadly serious theories were not necessarily good for the theatre if a "cultural revolution" within it meant a "social-political revolution" in the world at large, and recent events in Germany have shown abundantly what may become of art when it is pressed into the service of politics. However, as Mr. Newman tells us, Wagner

could never quite make up his mind which would have to come first—a social-political revolution that would automatically result in a new communal attitude towards the theatre, or a cultural revolution, having its focus in the theatre, that would bring with it a new orientation on mankind's part towards politics, economics and social questions.

That lets Wagner out as an artist, which is all that matters. E. B.

Schubert: New Song Translations. By E. G. Porter. Part I. pp. 36. (Hinrichsen, London, 1941) 2s.

These translations proceed on three sound principles: that the English word is to stand exactly where the corresponding German does, that it is more important to get the right word than to rhyme and that the words must sing. With some lapses, these are faithfully adhered to; but they are purchased with three sacrifices: the meaning is often not clear, the language is not always English and the phrase is prosaic oftener than it need be. 'Im Frühling' is mistranslated; 'Frühlingslied' is well done. The book invites the singer's attention to good songs he might easily have missed.

T. D. H. S.

Brahms. By Ralph Hill. ('Great Lives' Series.) pp. 143. (Duckworth, London, 1941) 2s. 6d.

Mr. Hill says very truly (page 104):

Perhaps the hardest of all people to write about biographically are musicians, particularly composers. . . . A composer's life is his

music and therefore his music is the only true record of his life. Nevertheless, in a series of books entitled 'Great Lives' Mr. Hill has presumably little choice: whether he likes it or not, seven of his eight chapters have to be biographical. Moreover, as he also says, "Compared with such composers as Handel, Wagner and Liszt, Brahms led a reserved and retiring life"; and Mr. Hill has to complete his pages with lengthy extracts from correspondence, &c., besides spending disproportionate space over the composer's earlier years simply because they included more varied happenings. But he has been diligent in collecting all the chief facts, though there are a few slips—Joachim did not divorce his wife (page 93), nor was the G major Sextet dedicated to Agathe von Siebold, whose musical motto, moreover, is considerably misquoted (page 69).

We turn to Chapter VIII which, whatever may be the book's title, is what most matters. In these seventeen pages Mr. Hill gives us his appreciation of Brahms's music: what he says is in the main all right enough, but it is slender criticism, and the reader is not arrested by subtlety or illumination. However, Mr. Hill might reply that it was the "general reader" whom he had in view.

The literary style, by-the-by, is not very distinguished. The fastidious Clara would have been shocked to read (page 75) that she "did her part to egg on Joachim and Brahms".

E. W.

The Organ Works of Karg-Elert: a Guide to the Organ and Harmonium Works of Sigfrid Karg-Elert. By Godfrey Sceats. pp. 48. (Published by the Author, La Ruca, Darrick Wood Road, Orpington, Kent, 1940.) 5s.

It is an interesting but, for the organ lover, a somewhat melancholy experience to trace the development of organ music and to review the repertory of the instrument in its relation to the great world of music in general. Beginning tentatively but by no means timidly with Merulo and the Gabriellis in Venice, organ music grows rapidly in coherence, strength and significance. Frescobaldi in Italy, Sweelinck in Holland, Titebousse in France, these are but a few, though certainly the most notable, of a host of workers. With Pachelbel and Buxtehude the succession passes to Germany, and the scene is set for the supreme master, for the Passacaglia, for 'Schmücke dich' and for the B minor Prelude and Fugue. And then, of the great ones in musical history, "the rest is silence"—or very nearly. The organist, wistfully recalling the names of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, consoles himself with one small volume of Mendelssohn, stakes out a rather dubious claim to two Mozart Fantasias and a few pieces by Schumann, and treasures a tiny but exquisite handful of miniatures by Brahms. He would be as foolish as he would be ungrateful, with no organ sonatas by Beethoven, no impromptus by Schubert nor preludes by Chopin, if he failed to recognize his debt to Liszt and Reubke, to César Frank and Max Reger. But, fine as is their work, these men are "a little lower than the angels", and a too close preoccupation with organ music may easily weaken our sense of values.

It is possible that Godfrey Sceats has not altogether escaped this danger, when, for example, he couples Karg-Elert's Passacaglia with that

of Bach, or where, speaking of one of the Chorale-Improvisations he says, "Bach certainly never wrote a lovelier Chorale-Prelude than this". Even in his comparison of Karg-Elert with other organ composers Mr. Sceats would hardly command general agreement. Can we practise this music for hours with the same stimulus that we derive from that of the provoking Max Reger? Does it greet our return after a period of neglect with the frank sincerity of Rheinberger? Remembering the proverbial behaviour of tastes, we may find such rough practical tests as these not without value. Certainly, on the evidence of this book alone, few organists can have made a more exhaustive study of Karg-Elert's music than the author. With so prolific a composer, the mere cataloguing and classifying of nearly two hundred pieces is no small service to the student, and in his notes on the more important numbers Mr. Sceats makes many helpful suggestions as to performance. He devotes a long section to what are generally considered the finest works by this composer, the '66 Chorale-Improvisations'. This remarkable set of pieces, in all moods from grave to gay, and often of real beauty, was just beginning to be known and appreciated in this country when the war of 1914 sent it into cold storage for four years and more. There is no doubt that this prejudiced very unfairly Karg-Elert's prospect of recognition here, and Mr. Sceats's enthusiastic tribute is welcome as helping to repair an injustice.

Not the least interesting portion of the book is the long series of extracts from letters by the composer. They show his keen and wide range of interests in problems of style and registration, harmony and atonality. There are some striking references to social conditions in Germany during the period of economic and financial collapse in 1928-30 and to political tendencies since; and naïve confessions, sometimes a little pathetic, as when he complains of complete neglect in his own country, sometimes amusing, as when he describes his terror of visiting ours. Apart from its practical value this book is a delightful revelation of friendship and sympathy between composer and author, and if we cannot always agree with the views of either, that is an additional reason for valuing and commending it.

G. D. C.

Words for Music. By V. C. Clinton-Baddeley. pp. 168. (Cambridge University Press, 1941) 7s. 6d.

The author spells the word idiosyncrasy as though the last part of it came not from *krasis* but from *kratia*. Cultivated and ingenious, none the less, he has compiled a pretty anthology of sayings about the Blest Pair of Sirens, Voice and Verse, their disputes and their accords, and of poetical extracts illustrating those moments in English artistic history when they sank their differences. There were two uses to which all this material might have been put. It would perhaps have been more interesting to examine the accidents of circumstance, artistic and social, which brought about the possibility, now and then in the course of different centuries and civilizations, of more or less equal collaboration between poet and musician—a rather rare possibility, as it looks to us, not by any means inherent in the nature of things and not necessarily at the command of even the finest individual genius. Mr. Clinton-Baddeley has rather chosen to argue from his texts that, because happy

coincidences have occurred in the past, therefore men of goodwill should again be able to bring them about.

He was a friend of Yeats's; and Yeats, suffering much from the high-handed treatment of his verses by musicians who had, according to the custom of the times, made use of them principally as hints for the composition of musical nature-impressions, miniature tone-poems or what not, cherished the dream of a different kind of setting from that which Peter Warlock, for instance, gave to 'The Wind among the Reeds'—of an ancillary music that should allow to his verse the whole stage. "Song," he said, "will not rise again in these islands until poets and musicians combine to create a contemporary art." But he failed to take into account the contemporary state of the musical art. "All Yeats demanded", so his friend tells us, "was that the whole performance of a poem should be dedicated to the service of the words". That was all! It was hardly necessary after this to add that "Yeats was not learned in music". The music of Yeats's dream was a poet's fancy. He no doubt had in mind something like the lost music of Greek tragedy; but not the fact that it is lost and only dimly conceivable is the hindrance to its revival. Even though everything about it were known, such music would still serve no more as an incentive or model to the composer of to-day than Greek tragedy does to our playwright. Whatever may be true in general human affairs, history does not repeat itself in the arts; poets are not the carpenters of chairs and tables; their forms, once achieved, are finished with.

All that we value in Yeats himself bears this out; what we value in Yeats is not an incomplete poesy awaiting an impossible music, but a perfect poesy, fully existing for us, the readers of those well-printed booklets, as we murmur it to ourselves. Moore wrote his verses to be sung to Irish tunes; Yeats, whatever his theories, was the essential Yeats when he wrote to be read under or only just above the breath. His theories on the other hand are illustrated by Mr. Clinton-Baddeley's quotations from 'Cuala Broadsides'. There were times when Yeats yearned to be something more than the poet of exquisite and exquisitely printed verses: he turned an Irishman's longing look to the past and wished to be sung—to be, that is to say, both himself and an Irish bard of yore.

The old songs [says our author] were contemporary songs, a part of the living existence of the people—never self-conscious, never hankering after a past fashion, never masquerading in a fancy dress.

Our author quotes 'Cuala Broadsides' as representing "one side of song-writing which Yeats wholly mastered". But he quotes these ballads without any tunes and—what is more—without suggesting who is likely to want to sing them.

For Parnell was a proud man,
No prouder trod the ground,
And a proud man's a lovely man,
So pass the bottle round.

Is not that a hankering after a past fashion, a masquerading in fancy dress? 'Cuala Broadsides' is an exercise in verse-making, as much so and nearly as well done as Swinburne's Border ballads in 'Lesbia Brandon'. Clever pastiches!

The old songs [says Mr. Clinton-Baddeley] were about vital matters—about love and battle and drink, serious matters to engage the heart of man. If our poets could fall in love again, as Burns fell in love, or be inspired, as Moore was inspired, to honour the music of his country; if they could write a political song as Yeats could write it, or the authors of the old broadsides; if they could serve the public in the theatre as Dryden or Shakespeare or the ballad-makers served the public: then would there be an end to all the whimsicalities and false sentiment of modern singing, and the living art of song be born again.

This is to leave out a few considerations, and first of all the singers. Who wants to sing, and to sing what? We get the perspective of artistic history wrong if the factor of the social demand is left out. It rests with the poets, says Mr. Clinton-Baddeley, to serve the public in the theatre as Shakespeare did; but is not that rather to forget the absence in the modern world of anything like the stage for poetic drama which Shakespeare found in London ready for him in the 1580s? For a few years, thirty or so, there was a lively popular demand for plays in which poetry—which might be as rude as Kyd's or subtle as Shakespeare's—filled a part comparable with our operatic music. Shakespeare's theatre was the London opera-house of his day. But soon the time came when music and scenery took the place of poetry in the theatre, and such blank verse tragedies as were then written represented merely, like 'Cuala Broadsides', a hankering after a past fashion, a masquerading in fancy dress. Born in the nineteenth century Shakespeare can be imagined only as a novelist—a superior Meredith—as Meredith in the 1590s must surely have been an Elizabethan dramatist. It is more than can be asked of a man of even the finest genius that he shall inspire in the world a desire for something of a kind it had not thought of wanting. The artists of great genius have always answered a current demand, however they may have transcended it.

When Mr. Clinton-Baddeley says that it rests with the poets "for the living art of song to be born again" the reader may ask himself whether this is not perhaps to impose upon them an impossible task, like the re-birth of blank-verse tragedy. It is, truth to tell, his quotations from Yeats's political ballads which have helped to induce into one reader a sceptical spirit. That piece about Parnell! Who could sing it without feeling absurdly self-conscious? The fact is that we know far too much about Parnell to sing in a naïve way about him. And, alas, how far too much is known about Roger Casement, another of the heroes of 'Cuala Broadsides'! Yeats himself wrote this celebrated line: "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone. . . ." Parnell, assuredly an interesting figure, suggests at this time of day nothing so much as the matter for a dry chronicle play in prose *à la* Drinkwater; and Sir Roger a case for Freud.

Accepting as he does the validity of Yeats's ballads, our author cannot be expected to attack the question whether there is any longer a truly lyric language available to the English poet of to-day. We recall some settings by Benjamin Britten of poems by W. H. Auden—poems in an idiom suggesting the clues of a cross-word puzzle and, as such, thoroughly contemporary. Mr. Clinton-Baddeley quotes with approval lines by Cecil Day Lewis, beginning, "Oh, hush thee, my baby! The cradle's in pawn". But the effect of the lines is political satire. Our author goes on to invite the modern poet to take "that further backward

step, beyond the position of Dryden, to the triumphant position of the lutanist poets or of the Elizabethan dramatists". The question arises whether, although so easily capable of taking downward steps, an artist can possibly take a backward step, except by the way of pastiche. Indeed the state of English poetical language seems, to judge by 'The Waste Land' and the present-day school, to be somewhat analogous to that of music, where the pressure of the past is found to be driving the practitioners of to-day farther and farther into explorations of dissonance, which means farther and farther from song. No vocal composition produced at the festivals of the I.S.C.M. in the last twenty years would ever be adopted by singers for their own gratification, whatever may have been the pleasure and stimulation enjoyed by the society's audiences. There are well-known acoustical reasons which more or less define the limits of dissonance appropriate to vocal music, limits which current practice has far over-reached. When, therefore, our author pleads for a new school of contemporary song-writing he may perhaps be thought of as addressing himself not to the recognized, professional practitioners of contemporary composition—all so vividly aware of the pressure of the past, and fleeing for their livelihood, as it were, into the unexploited wilderness—so much as to the musicians of a different and obscure stratum, those of the popular art known to the musical world only when, by some mischance of timing, its strains are received from the radio; the composers, that is to say, of the repertory of the dance-band and associated negroid ditties. Who are we to say that that repertory does not already include compositions which future criticism will appraise and esteem as the flowers of an *ars nova*? That an interesting efflorescence may spring from this stratum is, at all events, more likely than a recapitulation of the triumphs of the Elizabethan and Jacobean lutanists.

It remains to ask, since the act of song-writing assumes a singer, Who will sing the new songs? Not very long ago it might have been taken that there was a fair enough analogy between the making of songs and of a carpenter's chairs, since men had always shown almost as much inclination to sing from time to time as to sit down. But two phenomena present themselves to-day, which are without parallel in the past. With the radio and gramophone in every house, the mass of people gets its singing done vicariously. The turning of a knob now produces at any hour an expert performance that puts home-made art to shame. The remarkable result, to be observed in all circles of society, is that there are virtually no popular songs. Carousers in Fielding's novels trolled their own drinking-songs. To-day it is still felt that music goes well with drinking; but all would be conscious of the anachronism, when we are sipping cocktails, if a member of the party began to carol, "A proud man's a lovely man, so pass the bottle round!" The BBC is usually there to provide the suitable accompaniment, or else a gramophone; and what is suitable has now no need to be in the least memorable whether in text or tune, since there would be no purpose in anybody's memorizing the one or other. The memorable quality, in effect, which is the essence of song, is seen to be disappearing from music, having lost its practical purpose.

Beside that, there is already so much to remember! The second modern phenomenon, damping to the aspirations of anyone who would

be the Dowland or Schubert of our age, is the accessibility of all the music worth having of three or four hundred years. To-day no less than in other ages civilizations decay and are superseded; but there is this difference, that our printing press preserves their records. Think, for instance, of the bulk of the music and letters of Elizabethan England which has come down to us, compared even with that of Periclean Athens, itself a hoard exceptionally salvaged from the ruins of antiquity! No one can say what is to happen to the civilization we ourselves have known; but at least it seems certain that the printing press will have succeeded in perpetuating anything of value it has produced for as long as there is anyone left to take an interest in it. Our entire possession of the music of the last four hundred years places the composer of to-day in a position such as cannot have been known to anyone of his craft in another age, the plain fact being that there already is enough available—and of an excellence!—to meet all the wants of ordinary people. The Roman liturgy, so the highest of authorities has pronounced, was sufficiently provided with music by the end of the sixteenth century. Corresponding decisions have been made, if not so consciously or articulately, in many other circles. They are represented by the repertory of opera-houses, by the programmes of virtuosi of the violin and piano-forte, as again in homes where the practice of chamber music still obtains.

Mr. Clinton-Baddeley assumes that there are singers tired of the old and waiting for poets and musicians to provide them with new songs. Except crooners, who are these singers? One would have said that what characterizes the singer of to-day is an inclination to specialize in the study of one period or another of the past—an effort to sink himself, if he considers himself a serious artist, in the cultivation of an historical style, that appropriate to Bach, for instance, or to Mozart, to the masters of German *Lied* or to Fauré. It is probably much the same with intelligent amateurs. Were the demand for new songs from the new generation of singers what Mr. Clinton-Baddeley supposes it to be, would not the composition of 'Pierrot Lunaire', to give an example, have started a new fashion in those St. John's Wood drawing-rooms where home-made music was still cultivated? 'Pierrot Lunaire' undeniably struck a novel and contemporary note; yet in point of fact it brought back no echo from singers of any sort, considerable though the repercussion was in other directions. So far from carrying away the singers of the time into untrodden regions of *Sprechgesang*, 'Pierrot Lunaire' happened to coincide with a rather marked reaction or aspiration towards the euphony of singing in olden days. This last remains a field full of possibilities as yet unattained. True, it leaves out of account the creative artist; but where and how he crops up is something quite beyond a critic's dictation.

R. C.

English Song-Books, 1651-1702: a Bibliography, with a First-Line Index of Songs. By Cyrus Lawrence Day and Eleanore Boswell Murrie. pp. 439. (Printed for the Bibliographical Society, London, at the Oxford University Press, 1940, for 1937.) Issued to members only.

This is a most handsome and careful production, beautifully printed on fine paper, bound in a strong, plain but attractive library binding

and embellished with a large number of admirable plates reproducing some of the most delightful title-pages of the numerous English song-books catalogued with immense care and bibliographical accuracy. As an indication of the pains taken by the compilers it may be said that the actual catalogue occupies less than half the volume, the rest being taken up by indices, particularly the alphabetical index to first lines of the 4,150 songs contained in the volumes listed, with references to each volume where every one of these songs may be found, sometimes in half a dozen or more places. 252 books are listed between the years 1651 and 1730, though many of them are, needless to say, not new publications but merely later editions. (The discrepancy between the dates in the title and the catalogue, indeed, is due to the fact that all the books catalogued after 1702 are reprints or additional volumes.)

The bibliography begins with Benson and Playford's 'Musical Banquet' and ends with the nineteenth edition of Playford's 'Introduction to the Skill of Music', from which Thomas Campion's and Christopher Simpson's names have long disappeared since the first edition of 1655, but in which we still find "the late Mr. Henry Purcell" dispensing his learning in the art of composition. The compilers' reproduction of the title-page of Part I of 'A Musical Banquet' may be reproduced here as a specimen:

A / Muficall Banquet, / Set forth in three choice Varieties of MVSICK. / [rule] / The first Part presents you with Excellent new Lessons for the *Lira Viol*, set to severall / New Tunings. / [rule] / The second a Collection of New and Choyce Allmans, / Corants, and Sarabands for one / Treble and Basse Viol, composed by Mr. *William Lawes*, and other Excellent Authours. / [rule] / The third Part contains New and Choyce Catches or Rounds for three or foure / Voyces. To which is added some few Rules and Directions for such as / learne to sing, or to play on the Viol. / [rule] / device (fig. 1) / [rule] / LONDON, / Printed by T. H. for *John Benson*, and *John Playford*, and are to be sold at their Shops in / *Dunstons Church-Yard*, and in the Inner Temple, neare the Church Doore, 1651. / [fig. 19.]

The reference of "fig. 1" directs the reader to a section in which various printers' devices and ornaments are pictorially reproduced, and that of "fig. 19" is to one of the full-page illustrations, most of which are beautifully printed collotype plates.

As for the indices, there are eight of them: to first lines, to composers, to authors, to singers and actors, to tunes and airs, to sources, to song-books (summarizing the editions scattered through the bibliography) and to printers, publishers and booksellers. The first is vastly the largest and most important: it covers 238 pages. Let us see the sort of use to which it can be put. We will take a familiar song, 'Cold and raw' (No. 581 in the first-line index), as an example. A first reference to No. 98 in the bibliography shows us without the least trouble that it appeared first of all—so far as this list goes, at any rate—in the second book of 'Comes Amoris, or The Companion of Love', published in 1688, and that this was a collection of songs with thorough-bass for the harpsichord, theorbo or bass viol. The next appearance was in vol. ii. of D'Urfe's 'Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy' (1700 and three subsequent editions), and finally it turns up again in 'Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive; set to Musick by Dr. John Blow, Mr. Henry Purcell, and other Excellent Masters of the Town' (1719). The bibliography indicates the libraries where copies of these books may

be found and the first-line index directs us to the pages where the song appears.

The indices will not always help us, it is true. 'Cold and raw' is also in D'Urfey (vol. iv, p. 152) under the title of 'The Country Lass', and anyone who should happen to know it under that name would search in vain for it in Mr. Day's and Mrs. Murrie's volume. And now that 'The Beggar's Opera' has become so familiar a popular classic, it is quite possible that many people would know this song better as Mrs. Peachum's cynical ditty, 'If any wench Venus' girdle wear', and one is not sure that it would not have been a good plan to add a further index to the volume giving first lines of the words of songs as they appear in 'The Beggar's Opera', and indeed in 'Polly' and other ballad operas that are still of some historical importance and may conceivably become popular again. 'A maid is like the golden ore' is much more likely to be looked for than 'Of all the simple things we do', as it appears in 'Songs Compleat, Pleasant and Divertive'; and should it not also have been listed in the index to tunes and airs under 'The Mouse Trap', as D'Urfey has it, "made to a comical tune in 'The Country Wake'" (a comedy by Thomas Doggett)? 'Lilliburlero', for instance is thus listed, and it would have been impossible to trace it among the first lines but for that entry in the tunes index. The same applies to 'Chevy Chase', which appears with eleven different sets of words, but nowhere under the familiar 'O ponder well' or 'Now ponder well, ye parents dear'.

A book of this kind cannot fail to be open to criticism in some details, but to find fault in some small particulars with Mr. Day's and Mrs. Murrie's work is not to suggest that it is anything less than a magnificent achievement. Indeed it is a monumental piece of work it would be impossible to overpraise. The pity is only that musical scholars who are not members of the Bibliographical Society cannot acquire it; but one is far from sure that some will not find it worth while joining up for the sake of possessing it.

E. B.

Stringed Instruments of the Middle Ages: their Evolution and Development.
By Hortense Panum. Translated from the Danish. Revised and
Edited by Jeffrey Pulver. pp. 511. (Wm. Reeves, London, 1941.)
22s. 6d.

A ready welcome is to be extended to this English edition of the above Danish treatise, and Mr. Pulver may be congratulated on his excellent and skilful translation. Issued originally in sections between the years 1915-30, the whole work here appears in one volume with supplementary chapters on the later stringed instruments, the harpsichord, instrumental notation, and with occasional notes by the editor. Although in its scope it traverses much well-worn ground, it has, as the short preface points out, an especial interest to English students owing to the full description, as in Dr. Otto Andersson's study of early musical instruments, of many Scandinavian examples, which in their construction and manner of playing may rightly be considered valuable steps in the development of our present-day forms, whether they are instruments with open strings (such as the harp) or stopped strings (like the guitar or the violin).

The subject-matter is arranged under three headings, namely (1)

Stringed Instruments without a fingerboard (2) Instruments with a fingerboard and (3) Instruments with a neck. In dealing with their antiquity certain short chapters might have now been re-written in the light of more recent discoveries in the Sumerian and Indus Valley civilizations of the third millenium B.C. and earlier; certain erroneous dates too might have been revised. Miss Panum, perhaps wisely, refrains from any attempt to unravel the history of the bow, though her general remarks on bowed instruments leave the impression that she considers it a European or perhaps Hispano-Moorish innovation. The fact too that the early "lyra" types are constantly referred to as "lyres", whether plucked, bowed or keyed, may cause some confusion in the minds of ordinary readers; some qualifying word would have been helpful. On the other hand the short summaries at the end of each chapter are most useful and convenient.

The whole volume is issued in good clear type which makes its perusal a pleasure. A copious index is supplied, misprints are few indeed, but there is no bibliography for reference. The illustrations are numerous and interesting, many of them being freely taken from the works of other modern writers on the same subject.

F. W. G.

Sangit Bhava. By Maharana Vijayadevji of Dharampur. Vol. II. pp. xxi. 74. (Taraporevala, Bombay, 1940.) Rs. 8.

It has often surprised people that early music (folk, ecclesiastical, &c.) should have plumped for the minor third, instead of the major which seems so obvious to us. It comes from the division of a string (A—a). After you have established D at $\frac{2}{3}$ of the string and E at $\frac{3}{4}$, how do you go on? Obviously by taking half the string-length A—E (*i.e.* $\frac{1}{2}$ of the whole string), which lands you at C. The next step is to take $\frac{1}{3}$ of it (*i.e.* $\frac{2}{3}$ of the whole), which gives B. So that the obvious scale formed by string division is A.B.C.D.E, &c. The "&c." is got by taking those notes a fifth higher, which provides F# and G; and so the Dorian is arrived at, the scale which ruled antiquity.

It was the view, a minority view, of the late V. N. Bhattachande that the fundamental scale of India was a Dorian (with an ultra-sharp sixth, a detail into which we need not go now). That view is adopted here and supported by a treatise of the eighteenth century. Previous authorities of the seventeenth, thirteenth and fifth centuries show no inkling of it, so that the evidence is not very good. Still, it is intrinsically so probable that we may accept it provisionally. The present-day system (a double one, G.A.B.C.D., &c. and G.A.B.C#.D., &c.) was arrived at by a shift of the tonic (A to G), a device not unknown to Greek theorists.

It is the present day that interests us, and that we find here in twelve tunes of a length sufficient to give us a real idea of the sound. Though they are all single-line melodies, in staff notation which is correctly used, you will be decidedly clever if you can read without hesitation their very unexpected notes, and things like fourteen-time (5+5+4) and dynamic marks that mean little without the singer. Still, assuming that done, may I suggest that you do it again, and even a third time, before going on to the next? For the essence of the thing is that we should get rid of our European prepossessions, and should really know one Rag (mode) from another *by its sound*, at least, if we want to understand the Indian

point of view ; and we can't say we know it until we can extemporize a tune of our own in it. It is then that the real business begins, with the graces, slides, portamentos and typical phrases which make up its character. We often talk in a learned way about the modes : it is more difficult, as well as more satisfactory, to "do" one.

There are in this book curious lapses of logic. To say, in effect, on p. 33, "If you lower the string by a semitone, B will take the place of C, because B—C is a semitone" is to utter a thought, though not a startling one. But to add, on p. 35, "this proves that B—C is a semitone" is not any sort of thinking. There are the usual Ragmalas, or pictures intended to show the musical character of the mode, set unfortunately in a European-made border : one wonders how much the Indian of to-day gets out of them. The intelligent use of the English language is to be commended : it enables the European to understand what he has no experience of, and to glean a fact here or there, hitherto buried in some native treatise.

A. H. F. S.

A Musician Talks. By Donald F. Tovey. Vol. I: *The Integrity of Music.* pp. 161. 7s. 6d. Vol. II: *Musical Textures.* pp. 89. 6s. (Oxford University Press, 1941.)

The reviewer who has been invited to deal with these two important books, which preserve two series of the late Sir Donald Tovey's university lectures in a permanent form, has gone abroad on war service. His review unfortunately did not arrive in time for the present issue but, all being well, it will be published in the next number of 'Music & Letters'.—Ed.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Death on the Down Beat: an Orchestral Fantasy of Detection. By Sebastian Farr. pp. 253. (Dent, London, 1941) 7s. 6d.

Music and its Appreciation, or The Foundations of True Listening. By Stewart Macpherson. New and Revised Edition. pp. 166. (Williams, London, 1941) 6s.

Orchestral Technique: a Manual for Students. By Gordon Jacob. Second Edition. pp. 106. (Oxford University Press, 1940) 5s.

Rawalpindi, and other Verses in War-Time. By Oliffe Richmond. pp. 29. (Heffer, Cambridge, 1941) 3s. 6d.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC

Babin, Victor, *Deux Mouvements dansants*: 1. *Triste*. 2. *Gai*, for Piano.

(Augener, London.) 5s.

From an Old Note Book, for Violoncello and Piano. (Augener, London.) 2s. 6d.

This music is mainly made up of the minor idiosyncrasies of three composers—Stravinsky, Debussy and Ravel. Such a statement is not necessarily a disparagement, for was not, for instance, the Alberti bass a minor (some would say a major!) idiosyncrasy of eighteenth-century music, which at the hands of various composers was put to personal and often beautiful uses? But it is a disparagement if one feels that an intellectual and not an emotional use is made of such technical offshoots, for the intellect in art is a preserving agent, like alcohol, and not a moulder and shaper of new lines and textures. The composer who, like Mr. Babin, pins his faith on the intellectual use of the findings of modern composers, that is, *sees* effects as static things rather than hears them as moving things, certainly avoids sentimentality; but is dryness, however interesting, very much better? In Mr. Babin's new cello and piano piece there is, however, a recognition that warmth is a desirable element. Consequently, although the direction is still rather vague, both listener and player will get more vital satisfaction from it than from the less balanced '*Deux Mouvements dansants*'.

E. R.

Bantock, Granville, *Sonata No. 2, D major*, for Violin and Piano. (Goodwin & Tabb, London.) 10s. 6d.

Sir Granville Bantock's music, once thought to be almost shockingly go-ahead, is now seen to be romantic. This new Sonata, with its opulent melody and luscious harmony, does not show him backsliding, but rather true to his former self; for in actual fact he always was a romantic composer. His delight has always been, so to speak, in a good story rather than in new devices of writing, and although he experimented a good deal, he did so less with a technical interest than for the sake of making his story-telling as eloquent as possible. Young musicians who look above all for enterprising brainwork may think the rhetorical and lyrical turns of phrase in which this work abounds enervating; but it does express a personality in a mellow, mature sort of way. The only technical trick that is exploited rather noticeably is that of the sequence; but most of us have agreed to accept a great English master's mania for sequences because he uses them in an astonishingly individual way, and Bantock does so too, though his way is different.

E. B.

Blow, John, *Selected Organ Music*. Edited by A. V. Butcher. (Hinrichsen, London.) 4s. 6d.

This volume provides the substance of Blow's organ music, three only of his pieces being omitted; and of those, two have already been published in West's 'Old English Organ Music'. This organ music is Blow's most important contribution to instrumental music, in which he was less interested than in vocal music. In an experimental age, when composers were not very sure of their aims, Blow attempted a number of styles. In these seventeen pieces we find a group of early fugues, prelude pieces of looser construction, and the prototype of the 'Cornet Voluntary' so beloved of the eighteenth century; and in certain little angularities and experiments in modulation we see a real effort to achieve style and expression. The least happy passages (such as the gymnastic displays for the left hand) are the growing-pains from which instrumental music was then suffering. The publishers have done well to make the collection almost complete, for to have confined the selection to the most satisfying examples would have been to present a false idea of the composer. The fugal movements are interesting specimens of counterpoint which had abandoned sixteenth-century technique, but not yet assumed the contours of that of the eighteenth century, and as evidence also of increased organization of material. A comparison of these pieces with the 'Voluntaries' in Margaret H. Glyn's edition of Weelkes's keyboard pieces would be an object-lesson in seventeenth-century musical history.

In making such a comparison it must be remembered that Dr. Butcher's edition is a practical one, with the resources of the modern organ in view. More powerful tone, the use of pedals and a slightly amplified texture will give a somewhat different effect from what Blow imagined. Dr. Butcher might have stated (or does he assume that every one knows?) that seventeenth-century English organs had no pedals; and he ought to have distinguished in some way his own skilful amplifications. Nevertheless, the text is praiseworthy in its accuracy, and the use of pedals and suggested registration are in the best of taste. It would have been valuable to have the second movement (after the arresting "drag") of the 'Vers' in A, which is to be found in an anonymous copy of the piece in Add. MS. 31446, f. 33b. But these are small criticisms, and we should be grateful for such an edition of the organ music of the greatest Restoration church composer. It places at the disposal of organists a collection of pieces of diverse and vital interest quite unlike any other accessible music; and it is well produced and embellished by a reproduction of Closterman's portrait of the composer.

H. W. S.

Bradford, Hugh, *Song without Words*, for Two Pianos. (Oxford University Press.) 3s. 6d.

A cheery, cheeky piece one expects to hear without fail as an interlude at the very next performance by a ballet company whose resources do not run to an orchestra. If so, it will probably be a substitute for Chabrier's 'Valse romantiques'—and a good thing, too, since they have been used on such occasions with tiresome persistency. But it will not be very much of a change, for Mr. Bradford was clearly influenced by Chabrier here—Chabrier at his freshest and most amusing.

E. B.

Brahms, *Four Pieces*, Op. 119, for Piano. Novello Edition of the Classics. (Novello, London.) 2s. 4d.

The editor of this new series is anonymous, but he must take credit for an edition which is not only beautifully printed—the spacing is exceptionally good—but free from fussy fingering and phrasing. The importance of fingering in interpretation and performance could be the subject of a much-needed treatise, but it is far better, as in this particular edition, to avoid guidance than, as Riemann does in his editions, to overlay the music with abstruse fingerings and phrasings. Fingering and conception are mutually reactive agents, conception determining fingering, and fingering conception. I hope this new edition will continue.

E. R.

Britten, Benjamin, *Concerto No. 1*, for Violin and Orchestra. Arrangement for Violin and Piano. (Boosey & Hawkes, London.) 15s.

This Concerto was first performed, by Antonio Brosa and under John Barbirolli's direction, at a New York Philharmonic concert on March 28th 1940, and it did not reach London until a year later, when Thomas Matthews was down to play it with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at Queen's Hall. It is curiously characteristic of its composer by being often flippant in tone and always, in its way, serious in intention. There is one thing Britten can do infallibly well, a thing quite independent of his extraordinary technical facility: he can shape music in a way which at once makes it stick unforgettably to one's memory, not in every detail, of course, but as a total impression of a singular, unrepeatable thing. Whether he shapes it to his heart's desire or only at the dictates of an alert and witty mind may remain doubtful, but there his music stands, not impervious to criticism or sure of everybody's affection, but unassailable as an assertion of creative gifts of a high order. The violin Concerto will doubtless be found easier and pleasanter to listen to than the piano Concerto: it is less aggressive and looks far more lucid in texture, as indeed its peculiar instrumental problems must have compelled it to be. Each of the three movements has distinctive character as well as technical brilliance, both from the composer and for the player.

E. B.

Cooke, Arnold, *Sonata* for Two Pianos. (Oxford University Press.) 6s. 6d. (Two copies required.)

This work is dated 1937, and at a first glance one is astonished to find that it was still possible four years ago to write a sonata beginning in C minor and ending in C major. But one soon discovers that Mr. Cooke is anything but a conventional composer for all that. There is not more of the key of C than of many another to be found in the course of the work; sometimes, in passing, there is none at all; and quite frequently more than one appears at the same time. Keys, in fact, as well as themes and figures, are used in a manner that is genuinely antiphonal, which makes this work a real duet, not merely a contrivance for amplifying and thickening pianistic sounds and effects. Modern chordal as well as linear counterpoint is exploited with nicely varied results. The Sonata is not particularly difficult to play, but sounds as though it were: which is only another way of saying that the effort of performance bears interest at the rate of 100 per cent.

E. B.

Copland, Aaron, *An Outdoor Overture*, for Orchestra. Full Score (Boosey & Hawkes, London.) 12s. 6d.

This work was written for and is dedicated to the High School of Music and Art, New York. I hope the pupils of this school will turn a deaf ear to Mr. Copland's basses, for if they do not they will be sadly misled into thinking that basses are but obstinately persisting evils in music instead of the feet upon which music moves. Apart from this drawback, the work is breezy (if one can deceive oneself into thinking that the draught from a hand-bellows is a zephyr), full of tunes which start well but lose the thread of the discourse in their later stages, well-shaped and beautifully scored. (The score includes a piano, celesta and much percussion.) Above all, it is fairly easy to play for all concerned. That is much in these difficult days.

E. R.

Ferguson, Howard, *Sonata in F minor*, for Piano. (Boosey & Hawkes, London.) 6s.

Let it be said at once that this is a fine work. There is never a trace of fumbling, and although the work is romantic in feeling the formal lines are as clean-cut as are those of a Brahms work. Furthermore, the writing is pianistic in the best sense: that is, the difficulties are part and parcel of the ideas and not mere decorations of them. There are, I feel, but two criticisms to be made: first, that the melodic impulse of the work is not so memorable as are the other elements; second, that the moods of the three movements are too similar. This unity of mood is, I am aware, intentional—in fact, the use as a *Leitmotiv* throughout the whole work of the dramatic acciaccatura with which the work opens is in the nature of a *tour de force*—yet an airier and more light-hearted mood is somewhere desirable. The work is scrupulously marked, both dynamically and rhythmically, so the pianist need have no doubt as to the composer's intentions.

E. R.

Murrill, Herbert, *Suite Française* for Harpsichord (or Piano). (Oxford University Press.) 4s.

Now that the harpsichord is coming into current use again, more or less, there is no reason why modern composers should not write for it, especially if they take the precaution, as Mr. Murrill does, of making the music performable on the piano as well. They may even come to write modern works for it, instead of pieces in a furbished-up old manner which this Suite too cultivates. However, it is a very pretty and charming thing of its kind. The five movements ('Prélude et Fughette', 'Air gai', 'Air sérieux', 'Air champêtre' and 'Final') owe something to Ravel's 'Tombeau de Couperin', with which they share a gently twisted smile of affection for the eighteenth century. But they have so much more freshness and less mannerism that one might almost be tempted to adapt a commonplace of criticism concerning Spanish music written by French composers by saying, though only half seriously, that the day may come when the best French pieces will come from Englishmen.

E. B.

Orr, C. W., *The Isle of Portland* (A. E. Housman), Song for Baritone and Piano. (Chester, London.) 2s.

Three Songs from 'A Shropshire Lad' (A. E. Housman), for Tenor and Piano. (Chester, London.) 3s. 6d.

Mr. Orr, judging by the number of his settings of Housman's poems, seems to be an ardent admirer of this poet. Yet I cannot help feeling that this composer's natural idiom, compounded as it is of caressing Delius-like harmonies, is not a suitable vehicle for the starkly direct statements of the chosen poems. Perhaps Mr. Orr feels the nostalgia of the poems as the most important element, in which case his harmonic schemes would be more justified; but surely this nostalgia is the negative and not the positive element in Housman's poetry, and music that gets at the core of the thought, will it not be like the clear lines of chalk hills rather than the lush undergrowth of valley pastures? This may be a highly personal reaction: certainly the songs as such are distinguished, beautifully singable and playable, and full of opportunities for delicate rhythm and tone-colour.

E. R.

The Oxford Home Music Series (Oxford University Press):

Alwyn, William, *Night Thoughts*, for Piano. 2s.

Bowen, York, *Allegretto*, for Violin (or Violoncello) and Piano. 2s. 6d.

Leigh, Walter, *Eclogue*, for Piano. 2s.

Pitfield, T. B., *Solemn Pavan*, for Piano. 1s. 6d.

Walton, William, *Three Duets*, for Piano, four hands. 2s. 6d.

Wood, Thomas, *Waltzing Matilda*, arranged for Voice and Piano. 2s.

On the whole this useful series of new music has started well. There is nothing in the first issues to startle the attention; on the other hand, the workmanship is always at a high level, and the aim to make the pieces "tuneful, lively, not too difficult and not too long" has always been kept in view, even if not always reached. There is a variety of idioms to choose from, or rather a variety of diatonicisms. Mr. Alwyn's 'Night Thoughts' (which are somewhat pell-mell and directionless) and Mr. Bowen's 'Allegretto' are of the diatonicism-plus-additions school, while Mr. Leigh's 'Eclogue'—the most advanced piece—is much more fluid tonally. The diatonicism of the 'Solemn Pavan', a charming piece, is bare and unadorned, while that of Walton's 'Three Duets' is rather self-conscious. 'Waltzing Matilda' is a simple yet effective arrangement of the rollicking Australian song. A promising series.

E. R.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, 'Music & Letters'

Sir,

Readers of 'Music & Letters' have been so generously co-operative in making my bibliography of Hardy music complete that they will, I hope, be interested in two more items, which have been added in our collection to the list as published in three of your 1940 issues :

COCHRAN, Leslie :

'The Oxen' : musical setting ; London, Augener, 1927.

STEWART, D. M. :

'The Self-Unseeing' : musical setting with violin obbligato :
London, Augener, 1921.

Faithfully yours,

CARL J. WEBER.

Colby College,
Waterville, Maine, U.S.A.,
January 27th 1941.

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